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# THE MONTH

NOVEMBER 1952

**ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI**

DOUGLAS HYDE

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M. D. R. LEYS

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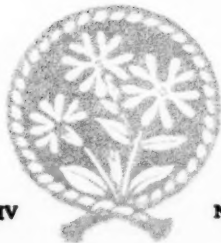
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# ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By

DOUGLAS HYDE

ST. FRANCIS WAS THE SON of a well-to-do business man who had married a daughter of an aristocratic family. The age into which he was born was one when men lived keenly, with a great zest for ideas. It was also one of successive wars and revolutions. It was an age of conflict. He was a conscript at the age of twenty, then a prisoner of war: then after his release and return to civilian life he seemed something of a playboy, who apparently succumbing to the escapist post-war mood, spent his nights in the gayest company in the town. Later, when he had worked his war-time experiences out of his system he would have to consider the question of a career, and if his parents had their way this would be in the Diplomatic Service—for what could be more suitable for a young fellow with such a background? Meanwhile he was getting all the fun he could, often in rather doubtful company, whilst nonetheless somehow succeeding in keeping his dreams and remaining clean. He was that curious mixture of rather wild, pleasure-seeking, ambition and essential decency which one finds at times in most classes, but particularly among young ex-officers who have still to settle down to normal civilian life.

That was the young Francis Bernardone early in the thirteenth century, a type perhaps more easily recognizable and nearer to our age and mood than the Francis who, to all too many of his admirers, was just a little man who lived seven centuries ago in Assisi and was temperamentally so remote from his fellow men either of his day or our own, that he could spend his time preaching to the birds when he wasn't patting the head of fierce Brother Wolf.

The fact of the matter is that it is reasonable to assume that Francis Bernardone at that time felt much the same as do plenty of young men the of same age today. His experiences had been

much the same: so, too, were his reactions to them. Of course the differences between his age and ours are enormous. The wars of his days were puny little affairs as compared with our world conflagrations. The social disturbances and revolutions which were such a feature of his day changed no more than the régime of some little city-state, not like that in the Russia of 1917, which changed the face of one-sixth of the world, or that in China which twenty years later brought another 400,000,000 people under similar rule.

The battle of ideas, too, was a more restricted one, kept most of the time within the limits set by the Church or, as with the fight against Islam, when it went outside them, within the confines of belief; not like that of today which is between the men of belief and those whose aim it is to erase the very memory of the name of God from the mind of man. Yet, subjectively, for the man who dragged himself bowels in hands across a lonely deserted battlefield to die under the night sky, whether it was in the Italy of the thirteenth century, the Flanders of 1914 or the Normandy of 1944, his war seemed the biggest, most important and most dreadful of all time. The man who escaped such a fate and got through the war with his skin still intact was just as surprised and relieved to find himself still alive and just as ready to go along with all the others of his age group who were also trying to forget. The p.o.w. dreamed then of home as he does today. And the men engaged in fighting the great battle of ideas felt with good reason then that upon its outcome hung the fate of Christendom, just as we know that the fate of mankind for centuries ahead is being settled in the current struggle for man's mind and soul.

In short, no matter how huge the differences between his age and ours, one can legitimately draw close parallels between how the men of his day felt about their times, and their experiences, and our own. This is important if we are to attempt to understand the mind of the man who in time came to model his life so closely on that of Our Lord Himself, and if we are to judge how far his message is applicable to our own times.

The colossal change from the high-spirited, adventurous young dreamer to the saint who was destined to inspire millions over the ages, began as he was about to set out for the wars once again. And it began with a dream. Full of ideas of fame and glory, he

had been equipping himself with suitable magnificence in order to join the wars, in response to the call of those seductive propagandists the troubadours. But as he slept he dreamed that someone called him, took him to a great palace, residence of a beautiful bride, and told him that it was for him and his followers. He took the dream as indicating that he would be a great prince, and, inspired by that ambition, set out next day. But again he dreamed. This time the voice challenged his proud ambitions and told him to go home and wait for the meaning of his dream to be revealed. At some point most men's material ambitions are challenged but not all respond. Francis accepted the challenge, returned home, dropped his dreams of glory and waited.

Until then his career had seemed little different from that of many another essentially decent young man. But in recognizing the spiritual challenge when it came, and acting upon it, he showed himself to be exceptional.

Whilst he waited he became increasingly aware of the poor who were all around him. Enjoyment of his revels, and his social privileges was spoiled by the beggar on the corner, the poor woman in her hovel. When his comrades noticed how he no longer shared their mood, even though he still accompanied them in their search for pleasure, they not unnaturally said "The poor chap must be in love." And to that, one day, he replied: "Yes, in truth I am thinking of taking a wife more noble and richer and beautiful than any you have seen." They sniggered, but he was thinking of the bride of his dream. Francis Bernardone was on the way to accepting the social challenge, the challenge of poverty.

In the period of spiritual anguish which followed he lost his ambition for material success, lost his pride and took on instead a great humility. He lost his love of extravagance, his desire for a costly good time. Instead, the suffering of the poor became his suffering, their wretchedness made the comfort of his own life seem obscene. He went on a pilgrimage and outside St. Peter's, in Rome, borrowed a beggar's clothes, took his place outside the church all day, and learned first-hand something of the life of the poor.

He was not the first young man suddenly to become aware of the iniquity of poverty in the midst of plenty, to be revolted by it and to change his whole way of life under its challenge. Men still do it. That is why there is a wholly disproportionate number

of young men of middle-class origin in the leadership of almost every Communist party in the world today. They, too, revolt at the sight of poverty, seeing their whole lives challenged by the social injustices which exist around them. But, despite all their crusading they are proud, arrogant young men. Francis was saved from becoming one of their type because he had already accepted the spiritual challenge and rid himself of pride when he responded to the challenge of poverty. The consequence was that he did not set out to attack poverty with a sword in his hand, and hatred in his heart. He identified it as the bride of his dreams and made her his own instead. He married the Lady Poverty.

Having met the challenge of poverty in this way he did much the same with that of suffering, too. The problem of pain, like that of poverty, in a God-made world, has been a stumbling block for many a sensitive man. Francis did not revolt against it. He made the pain of the sufferer his own instead. Just as his new attitude to poverty was symbolized when he took beggar's clothes for a day, lived the beggar's life, then returned to his companions at night so, too, his attitude to the suffering of mankind was symbolized when he took the appallingly disfigured leper, whose appearance had sickened his very soul, into his arms and received his kiss with joy. Indeed it was there, in the arms of the leprous beggar, compound of pain and poverty, that he plighted his troth to the lady of his dream. He had longed for chivalry and romance and he got it. It was, of course, just about as unlike what he had at one time hoped for as was possible. It happened to be God's idea of romance, not the average man's. Yet it set the heart of Francis Bernardone on fire, made his head swim and his tongue sing until years later he was known all over Christendom as God's troubadour.

Each time the voice came he responded. He believed that he was being guided by the Divine Will. So when, having on an impulse gone into a crumbling, all-but derelict church he heard the voice again, this time telling him to "go and repair my Church," he knew that that voice was the voice of God. And having answered "Gladly, Lord, will I repair it," he suddenly felt a new love for the crucified Christ such as he had never felt before.

Young men in love are not noted for their discretion. Francis was indiscreet this time, as he was by ordinary standards on so



many subsequent occasions, but it was the indiscretion of the man whose head is in a whirl because he has seen a vision of God, hanging in self-accepted poverty and pain, upon a man-made cross. He went off, piled some of the contents of his father's store upon his horse, sold the goods, and, for good measure his horse as well, then offered the entire proceeds to the priest, which the good man, being also a prudent one, rejected. Francis thereupon threw the money on to a window sill and left it there. But the priest accepted his request to be allowed to live with him so that he might be of service in rebuilding the premises.

There have probably been few odder ways of starting a church rebuilding fund. Certainly there has been no decision to restore a tumbledown church in a poor country parish which has had more far-reaching consequences. For the method of his first attempt at doing it, and the fury of his father when he discovered what his strange son had done, matter little as compared with the fact that when the unexpected request came he recognized whose was the voice and accepted the command as one to be obeyed.

So it was from then on. Often his actions were strange, unexpected ones. Some were of a type which, coming from another man, might seem indiscreet, eccentric, absurd, or even exhibitionist, and there were undoubtedly men who at one time or another called him all these things and more. But that was not the way the mass of those who met him came in time to think of him, nor how history remembers him either.

Looking back across the years it is difficult for us to see the Francis of that time except against the background of his saint-hood. Inevitably we see his life in reverse and the saint gets in the way when we try to imagine what were his feelings and those of his erstwhile comrades at that time. What they saw was the gay, overdressed young blood of a few months before collecting with his own dirty hands the stones required for the rebuilding of first one little ruined church and then another. They saw him, dressed in the roughest clothes, associating with lepers and with beggars, and apparently enjoying the company of these derelict creatures even better than once he had enjoyed their own, for if he had sung loudly before, in the army, in jail, and at their gay parties, he sang even louder now. To us, he was obviously engaged in the imitation of the Christ, whose name both they and he bore. To most of them he seemed to have gone off his head. But



not to everyone. For before long he had acquired a most unlikely pair of followers for one whose apparent eccentricities were shocking all the best people in his small home town.

One was Bernard Quintavalle, a rich and highly respectable man who, sensing the very essence of the Franciscan spirit, which was the spirit of the Gospels, sold all that he had and gave it to the poor. The other was Peter Cattano, doctor of laws and a canon of the church, as solid in his learning and in the ecclesiastical world as was Bernard in the world of merchandise and material prosperity. Neither was of a type from which one normally expects dramatic conversions. And off the three of them went, the once gay young spark, the solid burgher and the respected canon, to build themselves a den adjoining the local leper hospital, where they could live together the lives of beggars and tend the men whom no one else dared care for. It was no wonder that the ridicule of the townsfolk from whom they begged each day, came in time to turn to wonder and then to awe, for such things are not easily explained in human terms.

After them came Brother Giles, a small farmer, who left his little piece of land to join with Francis—and for a peasant to leave his holding is as great a wrench as it is for a merchant to leave his gold.

And then, one after another, under the influence of “the itinerant minstrel of the Lord” they came, Philip the Long, Sylvester the priest, Morico the nursing brother from the leper hospital, Angelo and the rest, to be gentle knights of the Lady Poverty and to head a band which grew and grew until it became a great army of men of every type and class.

Those early days of the brotherhood were probably Francis’ happiest ones. The men who came did so under the direct influence and example of Francis himself, inspired by the Gospels, knowing all, or most, of what was involved, ready to be sent to the four corners of the earth with neither purse nor scrip nor stave. Later, when their numbers had grown to scores, then hundreds, it was possible for men to join because they were attracted by this latest movement which was causing such a stir, or for whom the Franciscan spirit was something acquired only at second hand. That was why, as the years went by, it was possible for some of the Brothers to reveal by their actions that they had had only the barest understanding of what it was really all about and for things

to be done by the Friars Minor, almost as a whole, in the absence of their leader, which were entirely out of harmony with all that he desired.

For him it was essential that this band of happy mendicants should be backed by as little organization as possible and no property at all. That was easy enough when they were a tiny group with pretty much of a common mind and purpose, more difficult by far when they were a force to be reckoned with in the land in which was the See of Peter itself.

In those early days they lived together in huts, built close enough together for all to be able to gather at the Porziuncula, the Chapel in the Wood, and to share the company of the little beggar man who, as they walked the roads together, sang them songs of his own composing, expressing the joy which had come to him since he had accepted the challenge of the Crucified. He talked to each one, shared with them his own treasure, infected them with his own spirit to such an extent that one of them, Brother Juniper, was not content that all had already given everything they possessed to the poor, but collected up their few communal possessions, including the sacred vessels themselves, and gave them away as well.

Francis' own approach to things was almost as direct and uncomplicated as that of Juniper. His purpose was to convert the world to the wisdom and the beauty which he had seen in the face of his Crucified Lord, and had seen again each time he looked into the faces of the poor and suffering. He was no organizer. Every mistake which could be made was made by Francis. Yet, so long as he was around, the inadequacy of some of his followers, the different views which they held as to the role and nature of their movement, were concealed. It was only when he left them for his missionary journeys that they began to show. Typical of his disregard for the organizational needs of the moment was the timing of his mission to convert the infidel with whom Christendom was then at war. For he made his decision just when a first serious clash between the brethren was coming to a head.

His mission to the Islamic Sultan is one of history's magnificent failures. And only a man of the spiritual calibre of Francis could make it magnificent. Undertaken by anyone else it would have seemed absurd, not only to the men of his own day but to ours as well. There was something about Francis which made

magnificent everything he touched. We all know of the strange old men and women who stand in public parks with birds perched on their heads and hands. They impress few people, they influence no one. They are just seen as cranks. Francis preached to the birds, and it seems the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. We know, too, of the people who talk to their pampered pet dogs as though they were human, and they are a source of embarrassment to those who hear them. Francis could talk to Brother Wolf and his conversation has become part of the folklore of the world. George Lansbury, the British Socialist politician, set out at the end of his days, and on the eve of war, to convert Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin to his own Christian pacifism in order to stop a world conflagration, and the charitable explain away the story of that particular failure by asserting that by then the kindly old politician had taken to thinking exclusively with his heart instead of with his head.

But Francis' mission provokes neither embarrassment nor malicious mirth, for once again he had accepted a challenge which had been with men through the ages and is with us yet, the problem of war. He had met the spiritual challenge by accepting Christ as few if any others have done: he had met the challenge of Poverty by making her his own, met the challenge of pain by identifying himself with the most tormented among sufferers, courting the risk of literally joining their ranks. Now he met the challenge of war by going to the enemy, who for years had been driving at the very heart and mind of Christendom, and seeking to convert him.

The spirit which animated the best of the crusaders was epitomized in the comment of the old soldier who, having heard the story of the Crucifixion yet again, declared: "Had I been there with my henchmen I would not have permitted them to crucify my Lord." Yet the grizzled old campaigner's proposed method, magnificent though the spirit was that prompted it, was not that of Our Lord. It was magnificently heroic, but the situation called for more than heroism.

Christendom today would be the stronger were there more who felt as deeply and in as uncomplicated a fashion the desire to go out and fight and, if need be to die, for their faith. Yet Francis by his attempt to convert the Crusaders' enemy showed that he realized instinctively that the lasting answer to the threat

of Islam was not the physical extermination of Mohammedans, not the breaking of their temporal power, but the conquest of their hearts and minds.

That was a hard lesson for the statesmen and the soldiers to learn. Even to attempt it on a national scale calls for a faith and a courage greater than that required for its military alternative. Today, in North Africa, where missionaries labour for a generation without a single convert, the attempt to convert Islam after seven hundred years of consolidation, is one of the most heroic and superficially unsuccessful labours of our day. But in the end the attempt had to be made. The story might have been different had there been an army of St. Francis to follow his example.

But the practical consequences at the time of Francis' actions matter least, and in one sense he failed at every turn. But his failures had about them the quality of the failures of Our Lord Himself. Each act of his asserted a principle, underlined a lesson that mankind has even yet to learn. One of the most appalling, damning commentaries on the crazy age in which we live is that all over the world today there are good men who long for war—war with all its horrors—which will liberate their lands from the enemies of Christ. Yet, in the end, it will be to the methods of Francis Bernardone that men will have to turn. The only certain way of defeating your enemy is by converting him to your side.

Nor did Francis make the mistake of thinking that the fight for the conversion of the men of his day, professing Christians and pagans alike, was simply a battle of the mind. "That which is not formed by reason cannot be destroyed by reason," said Dr. Johnson, and to that St. Francis would, one imagines, have said "Amen," for he saw that most men's "difficulties" are first of the heart rather than of the head, they are moral rather than intellectual.

That was why, though he had a profound respect for learning and for the written word, he resisted so passionately those who sought to establish Franciscan schools which would make the Friars Minor famous for centres of learning able to compete with others of the day. He did not reject study and book-learning, but he valued heart-knowledge still more in the task which he wanted his followers to perform. That was why, though he rejected the proposals for such schools, he welcomed his disciple

Anthony of Padua as a kindred spirit, for his was a combination of great learning and simple faith, of eloquence and humility.

In 1224 it was granted to the man who for years had modelled his life on that of Our Lord to experience something of His passion and His death, for upon him, sealing and confirming all that he had striven to do, was conferred the honour of the stigmata. On Mount Alvernia, high up in the Apennines, after days of prayer, fasting and meditation upon the Passion, he came nearer to the love of God than even he had ever been before, and he came so near that a being like a crucified seraph seemed to hang over him. And when it had gone he found in hands, feet and side the very marks which once his Lord had borne. Francis had travelled perhaps as far as any man could travel on the road to God. He had set out dreaming of success and of the romance of wearing knightly armour. His romantic dream was realized when he was privileged to wear in his flesh the stigmata, the uniform of Calvary.

Two years later, in the Chapel in the Wood, he met his last challenge, the challenge of death. And he met it in the way that he had met all the others which had preceded it—he defeated it by conversion, by greeting that which men have most feared with the words: "Welcome, Sister Death."

Archbishop David Mathew, writing of the huge problems in mid-twentieth century Africa, recently declared: "The Catholic Church is in great need of a new St. Francis who would come to serve the Africans in their industrial setting. He would come freed from every privilege and would bring with him the charity of Christ."

That is indeed true of that continent whose fate hangs in the balance and where racial and social problems present themselves in their sharpest form. But it is also true that a new St. Francis, or many men with the spirit of St. Francis, is needed to shame the rich nations of the world into accepting responsibility to aid the poor and under-developed ones; to shame them into thinking and working along the lines of a creative Christian peace; to shame us into identifying ourselves with the wretched of the earth wherever they may be, and so freeing ourselves, as did the rich little beggar man, of every privilege that we may bring with us the charity of Christ.



# THE KNIGHTS OF THE FAITH

*An Episode in the History of Modern France*

By

M. D. R. LEYS

THE ORGANIZATION known as the Knights of the Faith, or sometimes as the Ring, was exceptional, for it was a secret society, imposing binding oaths on its members, yet formed entirely of ardent Catholics. Though it played a very active part in French politics, especially between 1814 and 1826, only quite recently has the truth about its membership and its constitution been revealed. The story shows how men, of the highest aims according to their own principles, can do great harm to the cause they try to serve, for there seems little doubt that some of the difficulties of the Church in modern France arose from their mishandling of a delicate situation.

French politics during the period of their influence were in any case complex and it would not be fair to blame the Knights alone for the failure of the attempt to reconcile the old ruling House of Bourbon with the France which had executed its King and attacked its Church. It seems clear, however, that by organizing one section of royalists and yet maintaining secrecy about membership and plans, the Knights gave rise to all sorts of rumours and suspicions which did immense harm.

In 1814 France was no longer revolutionary. Napoleon had restored order by setting up a system of government rather like the old royal despotism in form but enormously more efficient in practice. The revolution had destroyed the old administration and had broken with the Church, seizing its lands and submitting the priests and bishops to the power of the State. Napoleon set up a powerful bureaucracy of competent officials; in every one of the Departments which had replaced the old Provinces he placed a Prefect, and under him sub-Prefects and mayors of towns, all

directly or indirectly appointed by the Council in Paris, who ensured the carrying out of government orders. There was a façade of elected assemblies, national and provincial, but their powers were slight and the elections easily controlled.

In 1802 Napoleon was able to announce the reconciliation of the Church in France with Rome. In the Concordat, the Pope made great concessions. No claim was made for the return of the lands which had been owned by the bishops, the religious orders, and the parishes. This was most wise, for the greater part of these estates were now in the hands of the peasants, and to demand their return would have alienated the country folk who formed the most truly Catholic element in French society. The clergy were to be supported by salaries paid by the State; the bishops were poorer than in 1789, but most of the parish priests were rather better off and were saved from the necessity of exacting tithes from their parishioners. The Church was by no means free, however, for Napoleon passed laws forbidding the reception of bulls or briefs from Rome without government consent. Then in 1809 a series of attacks on the Papacy culminated in his imprisoning the Pope; and though the Church in France was not in favour of organized opposition to Napoleon, religious feeling all over the country was strongly against him.

It was under these conditions that the Knights of the Faith were founded. All through the revolution and the Empire a group of young men, directed by Jesuit priests, had associated in the Congregation of the Virgin. Their numbers were small, but other sodalities and spiritual organizations were loosely connected with the Congregation. Most of the members wished for a return of the monarchy, for they came from the old aristocratic families that had been scattered and had suffered under the revolution. Ferdinand de Bertier, an active young Congregationist and an ardent royalist, decided to form a group of his friends to plan the overthrow of Napoleon and the restoration of Church and King.

The greatest secrecy was necessary, for the Emperor's police were active and efficient. Freemasonry was very strong in France, and Bertier copied its organization. There were three grades of members. The first were known as Associates of Charity. These men promised prayers and good works, and paid a small annual subscription. From among them, Bertier and his friends chose suitable young men to make the second group, the Squires. They



were, as it were, postulants for admission to the third grade of Knights. The organization was entirely controlled by the Council of the Knights; they selected Squires who were given an accolade and took an oath of absolute secrecy with regard to the whole organization. Ceremonies were elaborate; all officials had chivalric titles; local organizations were known as "Banners." The avowed aim of the organization was charity; the better informed members knew that contacts with the Pope were being established; only the Knights knew that the major aim was the restoration of the Bourbons, by any means whatsoever.

The new organization was far too weak for anything but some very amateur conspiracies, easily detected by the police. During 1813 the Knights' hopes rose. Napoleon's armies were being defeated by the allied powers, and in December France was invaded. The royalists were naturally most anxious that the restoration of the monarchy, which now seemed probable, should appear to be the work of the people of France itself, not merely of victorious foreigners. Agitation for the Bourbons was not easy to raise on any scale; the administration of the Empire was very efficient, and to the ordinary Frenchman the Bourbons were utter strangers. Personal jealousies, too, divided the inexperienced royalists. Around Bordeaux, in the south, there were a number of Knights and when Wellington's army entered France they demanded a proclamation of the restoration of the monarchy. They did not succeed, however, in working up a really effective local demonstration, and in any case Wellington could not act without orders.

In February 1814, the Duke of Artois, the future Charles X of France, came to Paris. Several other members of the Bourbon family were in France and individual Knights got into touch with them. The secrecy of the organization now was a handicap; they could not act publicly and as a body. The skilful politicians in Paris persuaded Artois to promise a Constitution in the name of his elder brother Louis XVIII. The Knights disliked this; they wanted an unfettered restoration; but they could not prevent a compromise that took account of the new forces in France as well as of broken traditions.

Many of those who returned with the Bourbons were as ultra-royalist as the Knights. The emigrant aristocrats were hoping for a restoration of their rights and privileges along with the King's.

Many bishops and priests had been in exile and had refused to return when the Concordat was arranged. To them the whole organization of the Church in France seemed contaminated. The priests who had accepted the Napoleonic compromise seemed to them to be traitors to the Church as well as to the King.

Many errors, some of them probably inevitable, were made by the new royal government. Napoleon had been forced to abdicate and was a prisoner on Elba. News from France reached him; he thought with some justification that not only were the French people discontented but that the allies were by no means either pleased with the situation in France or wholly united among themselves. In March 1815 Napoleon escaped and landed in France. In many places he was genuinely welcomed; most of the troops joined him; the Bourbons once again went into exile.

In the Bordeaux region Bertier and his Knights tried hard to rouse local forces to resist Napoleon. The regular soldiers in the region were for Napoleon and they had the arms and the skill. Many local officials had been left in their posts and were loyal to their old master. It was only for a hundred days, however, that Napoleon remained ruler of France; the forces of the allies defeated him and the Bourbons returned for the second time in the baggage train of the victors, as the bitter jest went.

Not unnaturally, the royalists were in a very different mood in 1815 from that of 1814. Then they had believed that France wanted her ancient monarchy. Now they looked on the majority of Frenchmen as traitors to their king. They felt that only by eliminating from positions of trust every man who had carried out routine business under the Empire could the monarchy be secure, and that those who had actively supported Napoleon must be punished. Such wholesale condemnation was impossible politically, so many of the royalists took vengeance into their own hands. What came to be called the White Terror broke out, for the wearers of the white cockade of the Bourbons were responsible for much injustice and many atrocities. Many scoundrels, some of whom had been active in the Red Terror of the revolution, again took the opportunity of disorder to pillage and murder. Some of the royalists now appointed to official posts strained their powers in punishing those whom they believed dangerous. Some of the *émigré* clergy, by their inflammatory

sermons and provocative action, seemed to associate the Church itself with intimidation and injustice.

A good example of the policy of the Knights is given by Bertier's actions in Calvados. He was made Prefect of the Department, and at once dismissed the majority of the local officials. Many of these men had made their careers as public servants, and were guilty of no crime but that of carrying out the orders of the *de facto* government of France. Public feeling ran high when they were dismissed and replaced by strangers or by local men whom Bertier believed to be royalist. Demonstrations were made but were severely repressed; Bertier even prohibited "travel" within the department, from village to village, unless the police gave permission.

Faithful to his vows, Bertier tried to help the Church and the poor. He persuaded the Government to raise the salary of some of the very poor priests and to give money for the repair of the local cathedral. He reformed old charitable organizations and organized new ones; he arranged for the unemployed to be given work on the roads. In many ways he was an excellent administrator but the men who had lost their posts did not forgive him, and his demonstrative piety made them associate the Church with their own misfortunes.

When in 1815 a new Chamber of Deputies was elected, the Knights were very active. They hoped to get so strong a majority of extreme royalists that the constitution itself could be changed. A good many new Knights were enrolled, and those with moderate views were got rid of by changing the pass words used by the Knights in their meetings and ceremonies. The Order was particularly strong in the area round Toulouse. During the Hundred Days they had tried to organize resistance to Napoleon, but General Ramel, the local commander of the troops, had dissolved their bands. He was not an ardent Bonapartist, but believed it his duty to keep order. Directly Napoleon fell, these bands of armed men reassembled and threatened to attack the Bonapartists. Ramel called out the armed police and drove them away. In revenge, some of the royalists attacked the general, wounded him severely, and later on, though a doctor told them he was dying, broke into his house and battered him as he lay in his bed. There is no proof, in fact it seems unlikely, that any actual Knight took part in this vile murder. But so far from con-

demning it, they showed their sympathy for the assassins. They terrorized the witnesses into refusing to give evidence, and when at last three men only of those responsible were brought to trial, the Knights succeeded in getting one acquitted and the other two sentenced to only five years' imprisonment.

The case caused a great sensation, and the Government ordered the Prefects to dissolve all secret societies, no matter what their aims might be. The Knights escaped; they had strong friends at Court and were many of them Deputies. The allied governments, who had armies of occupation in various parts of France, became very much alarmed. The restored monarchy seemed to be responsible for widespread disorder and illegal revenge, so pressure was brought to bear on Louis XVIII to dissolve the ultra-royalist Parliament and hold new elections. Many of the extremists lost their seats, and the moderate constitutional party had a majority in 1816.

The White Terror came to an end, but the harm done had been very great. Not only the monarchy had suffered; the Church had in many districts become associated in the mind of the people with revenge not with healing. Often the saying of Requiem Masses for the victims of the revolution had been used as a vehicle for propaganda and especially for attacks on the owners of lands formerly Church property. The demonstrative piety of the Knights and their friends antagonized rather than reconciled many Frenchmen. Yet there was at the same time a genuine religious revival in France; missions were preached sometimes with great success, sometimes leading to local opposition and even riots.

In spite of the King's disapproval, and of the refusal of the Pope to recognize their Order, the Knights carried on their policy of opposition to the constitutional government. When their friend Artois succeeded to the throne in 1824 they looked forward to a genuine reaction. Their own secret lists show that there were 102 Knights in the Chamber of Deputies and about 80 in the Peers, but the general public of course was ignorant of the details of the organization. What could not be concealed was that there was some sort of association, Catholic in religion and reactionary in policy, aiming at an extension of the personal power of the King. As a result, every Catholic society was suspected of being political and moderate men kept away.

In 1826 the most serious of the attacks on the Catholic royalists was launched. Montlosier, himself a royalist, published a pamphlet inveighing against "a religious and political system tending to overthrow religion, society and the monarchy." It had a great success. He blamed the Congregation and, of course, the Jesuits, for the association of the Church with politics. He declared that the Congregation had 48,000 members. This was untrue, but the figure was actually correct for the membership of the Knights. Every sort of Catholic association, even a purely religious sodality such as the Association of St. Joseph for working men, was declared to be a secret agent of the ultra-royalist party.

The only way to correct Montlosier was to declare the truth—that the Knights and not the Congregation were the political agents. The oaths of secrecy prevented this, so the replies to the attack were halting and unconvincing. Lamennais made matters worse by a violent defence of the Church in which he exalted the political rights of the Pope. He was prosecuted, but let off with a tiny fine; Montlosier on the other hand lost the pension which he like many others was receiving from the King.

The Knights at last realized the harm they were doing to the Church. They still sincerely believed in their political aims, but were persuaded that the Congregation and the other Catholic societies were suffering from their activities. The Order was therefore formally disbanded. So reluctantly did the Grand Council take this step that the provincial "Banners" were not immediately informed and continued their meetings for a while, but by 1827 the organization did collapse. The secrecy was, however, maintained, and it was not until 1948 that the researches of G. de Bertier de Sauvigny into the papers of his family brought to light the archives of the Knights.

It seems that the results of this society, started with such enthusiasm by romantic young men, had been almost entirely the reverse of what they intended. The middle classes, who might have formed a solid support for the monarchy, had been alienated. Liberalism in politics had been made to appear incompatible with Catholicism. The Jesuits and the Congregation continued to be blamed for the influence which was in fact that of the Knights, even by the historians of quite recent times. Anti-clericalism, already strong in France, had been given new weapons; the King they served lost his throne for good in 1830.



# THE LONDONERS

*Notes from a Journal of the Blitz, 1940-41*

By

GRAHAM GREENE

THEY GOT INTO THE BUS at Golders Green after the pantomime: a dyed blonde woman in the late forties and her old husband, with the relics of histrionic good looks. The old wrinkled tortoise skin and the heavy-lidded eyes might have belonged to a Forbes-Robertson—somebody who had played *Hamlet* too often. Now he was tired, very tired, and the vulgar woman he had married nagged and bullied and insulted him all the time in the public bus, and he made no reply but "Yes, dear," "No, dear." He hadn't noticed or understood anything in the pantomime, and this was her excuse to bait him. Slowly a whole war-time life emerged. They lived in a hotel and had nowhere to sit without having to buy drinks. So after the pantomime they were going to the "flicks" for an hour, and after the flicks, dinner, and after dinner, bed in the big steel-built reinforced hotel. And the next day, just the same again.

The man sat in an alcove of the London Library with his back to the room facing a window. With both hands he held his handkerchief tightly distended in front of him against the light, and ruffled it. This went on and on—the regular ruffling of the handkerchief. I watched him for five minutes: there was nothing eccentric in his appearance: he might have been looking at a water-mark.

*From The Times Personal Column*

BLACK OUT. Carry a white Pekinese. Lovely puppies from 2 guineas. Goad, 23 Overbury Avenue, Beckenham (Bec. 1860).

*The Times remains itself.*

## Comfortable Words

"Mr. Churchill ended his speech on Sunday night with the last two verses of a poem by Arthur Hugh Clough. A Latin version of the whole poem, printed on another page of this issue, shows not only the scholarly art of the translator but also the success with which Clough's English poetry passes the severe test of being turned into Latin."

Old Clements is an Alsatian who has been a waiter at the Salisbury in St. Martin's Lane for thirty years—broken by a brief spell in the French army near Verdun from which one leg has never recovered. When his boss died he asked old C. on his death-bed to keep his eye on the pub and his son—who is now in the army. The other night Clements, who lives in Kilburn, was walking home with three other waiters. Planes were over and no buses were running. A lorry pulled up beside them and Clements put his hand up for a lift. At that moment a gun on the lorry went off. "Oh my," old Clements said, "you never heard such noises. Boom—whizz—oomph. We jumped in the air. Even my old leg jumped that high. Boom—whizz—oomph. We came down flat on our faces and then it drove on down the road and stopped. Whizz—boom—oomph. Oh my, we were scared. We thought it was a lorry and then whizz—boom—oomph. I jumped up in the air so high. 'Oh, mother,' I said when I got home, 'have you any whisky in the house?' 'Why, daddy,' she said, 'you look bad,' and I told her—whizz, boom, oomph." He was laughing all the time, dressed to go out in his worn-out brown suit and his old soft hat and a walking stick under his arm. But as usual there was an alert on.

"If we grumble at sickness, God won't grant us death."—*War and Peace.*

Charlie Wix is the heroic raconteur of No. 1 Post under the School of Tropical Medicine in Gower Street. He was once, I think, a waiter, but his chief occupation seems to have been giving evidence in divorce cases. He refers to himself in his elaborate anecdotes about high explosives and delayed action



bombs and the crassness of the Chief Warden, as "Charlie Wix." "Then Charlie Wix arrives. . . ." One sentence in a long description of a land-mine incident at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road: "'Mr. Wix,' 'e says, what 'ave you done with the bodies?'" There had been trouble because bodies were sent off in a dust-cart instead of an ambulance.

Of another occasion when a St. Pancras post arrived first and there was a lot of confusion and too many cooks (it was in Ridgmount Gardens): "Mr. Lewin wouldn't open 'is mouth. 'E was *disgusted* with the incident."

Of a foreigner in Windmill Street. "Didn't speak 'ardly a word of English. There was a D.A. outside, an' I had to clear the house. So I went up. He was in bed. 'Out,' I says to him. 'Out.' 'E didn't take any action, didn't understand. 'Bomb,' I said, 'bomb.' 'Blimey,' 'e said, an' jumped out."

Below Mallard's, Store Street, there is a nightly little group round an oil stove at one end of the big shelter warming bricks—a middle-aged man,<sup>1</sup> a Scots girl with a sharp tongue who claims to work at Fortnum and Mason and dislikes wardens<sup>2</sup> on principle—particularly Charlie Wix—and sometimes an unshaven Jew in a bowler hat. A gipsy-like effect round their fire. They are there, raid or no raid. She put up a board in poker-work at the foot of her bunk: "Wild Scottish bull dog at large. Wardens beware." Which reminds me that on the occasion of the first bad raid, Lewin and Wix were on duty outside Mallard's when there was a crash on the pavement. "Shrapnel," Lewin said, dragging Wix into cover, but it turned out to be a Watney quart bottle someone had thrown at them.

The extraordinary nervousness of the police who disappear from the streets during a bad raid. The noisy night in Coptic Street and the policeman who mistook a new heavy gun for a land-mine. "Went off just behind me. Shook me up." He dived into a pub and out again a few minutes later when the gun went off again, he couldn't keep still. That was the night when coils

<sup>1</sup> *Later Note.* This man died suddenly one night when alone with the girl. Another warden and I should have been inspecting the shelter at the time, but all was quiet and we didn't go down. We were caught out badly by this death.

<sup>2</sup> A skin-deep dislike. Later she would offer us sweets and be quite ready to make us "at home."

of wire—part of a new defence weapon—descended on Heine-  
mann's at 99 Great Russell Street, and in Store Street, which  
was closed to traffic till ten the next morning.<sup>1</sup>

One of the wardens called L. was once in the Army. He entered it at eighteen, his height being then 5 ft. 3 in., and he put on 7 inches. He went to Egypt. His father was the captain of a P. & O., and L. hadn't seen him for two years when he heard that he would be at Aden. He had a week's leave at Suez but couldn't get any conveyance, so he walked the ninety miles along the Red Sea and had one day left at the end of it. He was a little disappointed. He had remembered his father as a big man. When he reached the ship there was a man in civilian clothes and a major hanging over the rail. The man in civilian clothes looked at him and said, "Of course I'm sorry for the poor devils, but there ought to be a rule excluding them from the first class." That was his father. L's uniform had five days' dust and the blood from an accident at gun-stations the day before he left. The major, when he learnt who it was, insisted that they should all have a drink together in the saloon. L. had never had a short drink before and asked for the first thing his eye saw on the list—Benedictine. His father and the major tossed down whiskies, and L. tried to toss down his Benedictine. . . . A kindly weak ugly face with a broken nose from boxing.

The shelter at 25 Bedford Square—with two Chinamen in one room and three old ladies in another.

The land-mine night: the body laid out in Tottenham Court Road which three fire engines passed over. Another man was laid bleeding on a door in the road to escape glass. Wix put a fur coat over him from a shop window. The ambulance was too full to take him. When Wix came back some time later, he had been removed to the pavement—"just the sort of thing a policeman would do"—and a thief was going through his pockets. Wix rescued his notecase, and then could find nobody who would consent to take charge of it. At last next day he took it to University College Hospital. The man was a Turk with a whole

<sup>1</sup> *Later note.* A lot of this wire came down on Heal's marked with Heal's name: they had been concerned in the manufacture.

string of names. "Is Mr. So-and-so-and-so here?" he asked a nurse. "He *was* here," she said. "Would you like to see him? He's in the mortuary."

A little man with a Home Guard button lunching with a friend at the Orange Tree in Euston Road. A copy of Wedgwood's ponderous and banal anthology *Forever Freedom* by his plate. "Young so-and-so," he said, "seems wrapped up in that girl of his."

"Where did he find her?" his friend asked glumly.

"Don't know. Can't get him alone to ask him."

He was apparently a fire-watcher, and that night was going to watch at his office with the bosses, who always played bridge. But they were much better players than himself. "'Do you play the Culbertson game?' they asked me the first time. Knocked me silly. I'd never heard of it. Always play my own game."

Overheard in the Duke of Grafton on April Fool's Day. The executive of some works fulfilling Air Force contracts was talking. Apparently he was below ground that morning with two workmen when they 'phoned down: "Haven't you heard the Alert? The fire-watcher ought to be up," and up on the roof the fire-watcher went and stayed there in the biting east wind from nine till ten, when somebody told him it was April Fool's Day. "Now you might say we lost one man's work for an hour—but it was worth it for the merriment it caused. Made everything go smoother."

Basil Dean took Ernest Bevin and myself a lightning tour of the E.N.S.A. entertainments round Aldershot. Bevin innocently on the spree, talking excitedly—"I'm Mr. Bevin"—to the dimmest of E.N.S.A. leading ladies. Very likeable, very unselfconscious. He told us a story of Churchill announcing to the Cabinet the Lofoten Raid. "I've got interesting news for you, gentlemen. We've been making a little excursion—to the Lofoten Islands. We've brought back quite a lot of things, including some Quislings. Mark my words"—turning to Duff Cooper—"Quislings, Mr. Minister of Information. Call them Quislings—not Quislingites, or they'll be starting a religious movement."

Bevin sleeps at the Strand Palace.

After dinner—with champagne—at the Anchor, Liphook, we drove back between twelve and one. It was interesting and beautiful to see the London guns playing from the outside.

*The Great Blitz of Wednesday, April 16*

This is the worst raid Central London has experienced.

The sirens which usually don't go before ten went at nine. I was drinking with a friend D. in the Horseshoe. We went out and tried to get dinner. Corner House full, Frascati's closed. Victor's closed. At the York Minster the chef was about to go home. Ended in the Czardas in Dean Street. Sitting next the plate-glass windows one felt apprehensive. By ten it was obvious that this was a real blitz. Bomb bursts—perhaps the ones in Piccadilly—shook the restaurant. Left at 10.30 and walked back to Gower Mews. Wished one had one's steel helmet. Changed, and went out with D., who was fire-watching. Standing on the roof of a garage we saw the flares come slowly floating down, dribbling their flames: they drift like great yellow peonies.

At midnight reported at the post and went out on the North side. At a quarter to two nothing had happened in the district, and I planned to sign off at two-thirty. Then the flares came down again right on top of us, as the Pole, Miss S. (of Bourne & Hollingsworth), and I stood in Tottenham Court Road at the corner of Alfred Place. A white Southern light: we cast long shadows and the flares came down from west to east across Charlotte Street. Then a few minutes later, without the warning of a whistle, there was a huge detonation. We only had time to get on our haunches and the shop window showered down on our helmets.

Ran down Alfred Place. A light shone out in a top flat at the corner of Ridgemount Gardens: we shouted at it and ran on—the windows must have been blasted. Then confusion. Gower Street on both sides seemed ravaged. Never realized the parachute bomb had fallen behind on the Victoria Club in Malet Street where 350 Canadian soldiers were sleeping. Found myself caught up in the R.A.D.A. building. Women bleeding from cuts on the face in dressing-gowns said there was someone hurt on

the top floor. Two other wardens and a policeman—we ran up four littered flights. Girl on the ground. Bleeding. Stained pyjamas. Her hip hurt. Only room for one man to lift her at a time. Very heavy. Took her over for two flights, but she had to be changed three times. In pain, but she apologized for being heavy. Stretcher party came and took her away from the ground floor. All down Gower Street they came out in their doorways—many unhurt, but so many bleeding in a superficial way in squalid pyjamas grey with debris dust. These were the casualties of glass.

Confusion. Not enough stretcher parties. Went back to post and the black-out blew out and we went down on the floor. Out again to find something to do. That was the odd difficulty.

Jacobs had become incident officer with a blue light beside him at the corner of Gower Street and Keppel Street. This was indeed local and domestic war like something out of the *Napoleon of Notting Hill*. Ordered round to the Victoria Club.

All stretcher men and no wardens visible. What are a warden's duties? The lectures no longer seemed clear. Soldiers still coming out in grey blood-smeared pyjamas: pavements littered by glass and some were barefooted. Everybody suddenly seemed to have cleared from the front. A soldier came out and said there was a man trapped on the stairs. We took a stretcher and went in. On one side a twenty-foot drop into what seemed the foundations of the building. One wished that things would stop: this was our incident, but the guns and bombs just went on. Came on what was apparently a body: only the head and shoulders visible and a clot of blood by the head. Quiet and slumped and just a peaceful part of the rubble. "Is this him?" "No. He's a goner." But another stretcher party seemed to be working out of sight on the stairs. My companion couldn't find what he was looking for, so we had to do with the corpse. (Perhaps it wasn't a corpse.) Time went very slowly and I wanted to get out: the whole place seemed to be held together with wishful thinking. Shouted for stretcher bearers and at last got them: lighted their way out with the body. Outside there seemed to be flames all round the shop. Then another stick of three bombs came whistling down and we lay on the pavement—a sailor on top of me: broken glass cut my hand which bled a great deal—so I went back to have it dressed at the post under the School of Tropical Medicine.



A street accident is horrible and fortuitous, but all this belonged to human nature.

As I was having my hand dressed another stick of three came down. Down again on the floor of the post. At the first the windows blew in. One really thought that this was the end, but it wasn't exactly frightening—one had ceased to believe in the possibility of surviving the night. Began an Act of Contrition. Then it was over. Went out again.

Dallas, the big white factory in Ridgemount Gardens, was ablaze. Behind every window on every floor a wall of flame blowing up. Not much more than an hour had passed since the first bomb in our area. It seemed a long while.

One forgets the progression of small incidents. A man fetched me to a friend in a house opposite Dallas—a large fat foreign Jew. One foot was crushed and bloody, and he was the only person I saw that night whose nerve had gone. He was whimpering and crying to be taken to hospital. But what a weight he was. We crossed hands and got him to the corner of Gower Street. Then we had to rest in spite of his cries. It was broad daylight from the flares at 3.15. Jacobs and Lewin, the Deputy Chief Warden, came up. Jacobs said, "You must stop there. There are people more injured than you," but the man began to cry and moan. His friend had slipped away, so Lewin began to help me with him towards the M. of I., which had become a temporary dressing station. But we gave out again in Keppel Street and he fetched a soldier to help. All the time we waited the man leaned his weight on me and moaned to be taken to hospital. An awful journey into the basement of the M. of I., the passages cluttered with Ministry people. It turned out later that the man had internal injuries and fought the doctor who tried to give him morphia.

Out again, after three minutes spent in what had seemed a lovely solid secure building. The fire brigade had still not come for Dallas (it didn't come for three hours), and Jacobs sent me with a message to the post. Going down the iron steps into the well round the building I heard another bomb coming down. Crouched down and heard it fall well away.

Out again, and a soldier fetched me. An old man in a basement in Gower Street. The back wall had been blown out, exposing Dallas and the flames, but he didn't want to stir. He was reason-



able and didn't make a fuss. A daughter helped him with his clothes. He was old and white-bearded and very concerned about waistcoats. Just out of hospital with a tube in his bladder, told he would never walk again. He was worried about the tube—not nice for people to see it hanging out, but he forgot it walking across Gower Street, he was so delighted at having proved the hospital wrong.

That was really all there was to remember: the raid died away, and at five, while I was counting stretcher cases from Warwick House and forgetting to take the number of the ambulance, the "raiders past" went. It turned out that there had been another parachute bomb at the end of Bloomsbury Street, and on my own beat and not reported at the time an H.E. on the Jewish Girls' Club in Alfred Place behind Dallas (many days later they were still getting out the bodies—more than thirty killed)<sup>1</sup> and another taking away the side of the Embassy Cinema in Torrington Place. A house gutted opposite the *Spectator* in Gower Street, and part of Maple's burnt out.

Other people's stories: a girl from my post was told that a man was trapped on the top floor of a building. She went up and found him pinioned but not badly hurt. Two soldiers stood in the room doing nothing—just laughing.

G. M. He was called out twice—to the aperitif in Jermyn Street and to a gun emplacement in Hyde Park—which was hit by a parachute bomb—giving conditional absolution. The soldier in Hyde Park when he asked if there were any Catholics said, "I'm a Catholic, Father. Haven't been to Mass for forty years, but I'm one."

A young priest—a friend of G. M.—was called to a wrecked public house where the landlord, his wife and daughter, all Catholics, were trapped. He cleared the way to a billiard table, got under it, and was then near enough to them to hear their confessions. A voice above his head suddenly asked, "Who's that?" and he heard himself making the odd statement, "I am a Catholic priest and I am under the billiard table hearing confessions." "Stay where you are a moment, Father," the voice said, "and hear mine too." It was a rescue party man.

Looking back, it was the squalor of the night, the purgatorial throng of men and women in dirty torn pyjamas with little blood

<sup>1</sup> For days afterwards there was the sweet smell of corruption in Store Street.

splashes standing in doorways, which remained. These were disquieting because they supplied images for what one day would happen to oneself.

## PIONEER JESUIT JOURNALISTS

1687-1688

By

J. H. CREHAN

THE AMAZING POWER OF RECOVERY shown by the English Jesuits in the years that followed the Popish plot has seldom been remarked. Titus Oates succeeded in striking down the Provincial, his secretary or Socius, the Procurator (or Treasurer) of the Province, the Superior of the London residence, the Superior of the Oxfordshire and Worcestershire district and the agent for the college of St. Omers, some of whom had been as many as thirty years in England and who must have been practised in escaping detection. The only Jesuit in authority who escaped Titus Oates was Fr. John Keynes who though he was sought for diligently managed to escape and to make his way to Liège. Yet eight years later this same Fr. Keynes, as the new Provincial of the Jesuits, along with seven other Jesuits, moved into the Savoy Hospital on Whitsun eve, May 24, 1687, to inaugurate the first Jesuit school in London. Much organization and adaptation had gone on apace since James's accession in 1685 to enable such a school to open its doors so soon, and it is safe to assume that in other fields of their customary apostolate the Jesuits had not been slow to act, given such a leader.

On the first Wednesday in October 1687 there appeared in London a news-letter styled *Modern History, or the Monethly Account of all considerable Occurrences, civil, ecclesiastical and military;*

*with all natural and philosophical productions and transactions.* No sign of authorship is to be seen in the production, but its general policy is clear from the first article it contains. This is headed *ITALY* and begins:

Rome having been the capital city of the universe, that with other considerations, unnecessary to be specified, will authorize the placing it at the head of this Relation.

His Holyness seems to be indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the publique weale of Christendom . . . etc.

The use of the term *Relation* here is in itself significant, for the Jesuit *Relations* from Canada had begun some fifty years before this and were well known in many parts of Europe. In England the Jesuits had made one previous attempt to use the medium of the Press, such as it was, for religious purposes, when in 1619 Fr. William Wright translated the *Briefe Relation of the Persecution lately made against the Catholike Christians in the Kingdome of Japonia*, but in this case there were special reasons for the step which did not obtain in the case of the many other *Relations* produced by Jesuits in various parts of the world during the course of the century. As the translator put it in his Epistle Dedicatory to his persecuted fellow-countrymen:

Those do in many things more symbolize with you than any other persons in the world. For (omitting that they be inhabitants of an Iland as we be, and of the greatest Iland in those parts of the world as we in these, and of the like climate also that we be, all things considered, they in a manner Antipodes to us and we to them) first of all they be but lately converted to the true fayth of Christ from infidelity, and so be most of you from Schisme or Heresy, which is a kind of infidelity; to them it is granted according to the saying of St. Paul to suffer for theyr faith; and so it is to you: they be falsely slandered and calumniated in many thinges by the Divels ministers, and so be you: they be persecuted for their religion, many of them to death and more to losse of goods by the enemies of Christ and his holy Church; and so be you. . . .

The translation of the *Relations* and other writings which in accord with their Founder's intention Jesuits sent from one part of the world to another to promote the spread of the faith and Christian edification was not unfamiliar to the English Jesuits, but they had hitherto lacked the motive and the means for doing this

on any large scale in England.<sup>1</sup> With the coming of the Catholic sovereign, James II, it would be an obvious suggestion for anyone to make that such writings should now be translated in whole or in part for the use of Englishmen who had now the opportunity to gratify their curiosity about the Catholic part of the world from which they had so long lived separate. Whoever may have been actually charged with the work of translating, it is clear that no Protestant Englishman could have written of his own motion the introductory paragraphs of this first number of the *Monethly Account*.

What follows in this first number is an elaborate explanation of the dispute that was then raging between Pope Innocent XI (Odescalchi) and Louis XIV over the Franchises or the extra-territorial rights of the French embassy and its purlieu at Rome. The papal argument, that in the houses surrounding such an embassy an Alsatia was created that became a resort for common rogues intolerable to any peace-loving sovereign, is given full weight and pride of place and no attempt is made to put the papacy in the wrong. This again may be in pursuance of the plan indicated in the Preface to the number which says:

Nothing is to be inserted but what is of weight and verify'd from the best hands, (and it is intended) not to intermeddle in the secrets of any Church, or State-matters beyond our province.

Later on the periodical will speak of the hope that James himself will mediate between France and the Pope on this affair of the Franchises and thus obviate a disastrous division of Christendom. Thus in the issue for June 1688 (p. 20) one reads:

The Lord Thomas Howard, his Majesties Envoy Extraordinary, is already arrived at Rome, and the World may well expect from the zeal and capacity of His Lordship's ministry a sudden conclusion of this great work.

In July (p. 1) it is reported:

The parties have referred their interests to the King of England. Joy and satisfaction shines in all the Italians faces since they have understood these good tidings.

None of these items of news comes from a mere translation of

<sup>1</sup> The letter of the English Jesuits of Liège, Somers *Tracts* IX, 76, is a clumsy and forged work based on a genuine original.

foreign news-letters; each of them reads more like the inspired comment of an observer in England who was responsible for the policy of the periodical. Certainly the attempt made by James to bring France and the papacy together again, had it succeeded, would have staved off William's invasion. It was a gamble, perhaps, but one that had a fair chance of success. Spain was ready to support the Pope against France, and the Nuncio in Madrid was in February 1688 asking the Pope on behalf of the Spanish government to appeal to James II in order that a part of the British Navy might join with the Spanish fleet during the spring to effect a naval demonstration in the Mediterranean as a warning to the French and to protect the papal States against a sudden descent by the French. James, as a sailor himself, and one who understood the use of sea-power, can hardly have failed to respond to such an appeal. If the ships did not actually go to the Mediterranean, it must be that they were needed nearer at home.<sup>1</sup> Had France and Spain been quite at peace, and not engaged in this cat-and-mouse game, William would not have been anxious to venture all on the expedition to Tor Bay.

Interspersed among the various bulletins from foreign lands are items of Jesuit news that can hardly have been selected by a lay editor in England, whether Protestant or Catholic, for the one would abominate all Jesuits and the other would be too chary of bringing them needlessly to the fore in a journal designed for all and sundry. Only a selection of these items can be quoted here:

In France three eminent Jesuits died allmost at the same time. Father Aleman, the Dauphinesses confessor; Father Rapin that celebrated Critique, a person so famed in the Republique of Letters; Father Breson, Superiour of the house of the noviceship of St. Joseph at Lyons (Dec. 1687, p. 39).

His Holiness has also permitted the F. Jesuites to receive into their Society as many novices as they please in Italy, which had been denied them some time since; and such as will be obstinately blind to His Holynesses Disinterestedness in all matters will needs have motive of policy to have occasion'd these Liberalities and Grants (Jan. 1688, p. 1).

Two princes of Macassar, having been Mahometans, and who

<sup>1</sup> The May issue (p. 27) reports that the Dutch are busy building warships and wonders for what these ships may be intended. The facts about the Nuncio of Madrid are recorded by Pastor, *Gesch. der Papste*, XIV, 2, p. 932.

arrived from Siam a little while ago, and whom the King of France had put as boarders with the Jesuites, were baptized in the church of their Professed house (Mar. 1688, p. 30).

In the description of a pageant at Brussels mention is made of:

two chariots of the ingenious invention of the Jesuites. The youth of their college were divided into three great troupes, richly clothed (May 1688, p. 31).

On Sunday last Pietro Valle, a Jesuit and His Imperial Majesties Italian preacher ended his Lenten course of sermons at the Imperial Chappel (in Vienna) and by his extraordinary Performance fill'd the whole Court with Admiration, they never ceasing to praise the singular virtue, Zeal and fervour of spirit with which the Father preach'd. He is now gone to Laxemburg (May 1688, p. 10).

One can only wonder what zeal and fervour of spirit moved the English Jesuit to record such an item as this last for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. Certainly it cannot have been anyone else who would do so, unless it were that some paid scribe was hoping by such fulsomeness to gain the favour of his Jesuit employer. That is a possibility which must now be considered. Anthony à Wood has left a cryptic remark at the end of his notice of John Phillips, the nephew of Milton, that: "He was the translator of the Monthly Accounts." From this source seems to have come the attribution of the whole periodical to him by Sir Sidney Lee in the *D.N.B.*, but Sir Sidney cannot have looked at the periodical itself, since he describes it as being "started in 1688 in sixpenny parts, which were collected in a volume at the end of the year." In fact, as mentioned already, the periodical began in October 1687 and an Index was provided for the first twelve parts. A second volume purported to begin with the month of October 1688, but in reality the issues for October and November 1688 have a single continuous pagination and are dated 1689 on the front page, the date-line October 1688 being reserved for the top of the second page. This issue ends with the news (p. 81):

We hear that the Prince of Orange is landed, making his descent into England at Dartmouth, Torbay. We do not doubt in a short time to hear of a more glorious revolution in the affairs of that Kingdom than happened when William surnamed the Conqueror set foot there.



The editor who could have written these lines at the date claimed—the second Wednesday in November—would have been more than a prophet, and would also have been publishing, some three days before James left London for Salisbury to encounter William's army, matter that would comfort the King's enemies.

The evidence of authorship, such as it is, would be satisfactorily explained if one supposed that some Jesuit or Jesuits, whether by the King's desire or not, had employed the hack writer John Phillips to translate foreign news-letters and had made such additional comments on these as they judged necessary. There is one curious entry (in the issue for June 1688, p. 1) where the translator, who is working on a relation of the recent earthquake in Naples, adds this note:

The following relation was printed at Naples in Italian, which, as a faithfull translator, I'll give you with all its floridness and kind of Grubb street bombast.

If he was working on his own, why bother to translate what he must have thought worthless? If, on the other hand, he was working for an employer, what employer would want a detailed account of how extensive were the ruins "of the rich and admirable church of the Fathers of the Company" and of how three of these same Fathers were confessing in the church at the time of the earthquake, of whom two were killed? Such a hack writer would naturally, when his patrons had fled or gone into hiding at the Revolution, carry on with the magazine on his own account as best he could, though now deprived of such sources of foreign information as the "Copy of a letter written in Spanish from Lima by Fr. Dominic Alvarez de Toledo, Procurator-General of the Order of St. Francis to the Most Reverend Fr. Commissary-General, dated 29th October, 1687," which was printed in June 1688.

The need the Jesuits would have for using such a Protestant (or ostensibly Protestant) scribe as Phillips was appears from what John Evelyn has to say about the licensing of tracts at this time:

I refused to put the Privy Seale to Dr. Walker's licence for printing and publishing divers Popish books, of which I complained both to my Lord of Canterbury (with whom I went to advise in the Council Chamber) and to my Lord Treasurer that evening at his lodgings. My Lord of Canterbury's advice was that I should follow my owne

conscience therein; Mr. Treasurer's that if in conscience I could dispense with it, for any other hazard he believed there was none. Notwithstanding this I persisted in my refusal (*Diary*, May 12, 1686.)

Evelyn was one of the Commissioners for the Privy Seal during the absence of Clarendon as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he sometimes refused to take part with the other Commissioners in what he regarded as illegal concessions to Catholics. On March 12th in the same year he had taken the same line about Catholic printing:

A docquet was to be sealed importing a lease of 21 yeares to one Hall, who styled himselfe his Majesty's printer (he lately turned Papist) for the printing Missalls, Offices, Lives of Saints, Portals, Primers, etc., books expressly forbidden to be printed or sold, by divers Acts of Parliament. I refused to put my seale to it, making my exceptions, so it was laid by.

The *Monethly Account* was not printed by Hall, but by J. B. and sold at first by Randall Taylor "near Stationers Hall in Ludgate Street," and later by Joseph Hindmarsh "at the Golden Ball, over against the Royal Exchange in Corn Hill." Thus any appearance of Popery about the publication was avoided; this was no doubt intended. During the excitement of the Popish Plot there had been a bi-weekly news-sheet with the title of *Smith's Protestant Intelligence* which ran for some twenty-two numbers before its collapse, and the tendency of the infant Press was to be on the whole strongly Parliamentary rather than Royalist. Evelyn noticed in the beginning of James's reign how there was a quiet censorship being exercised on the Press to keep out all mention of the effects in France of Louis XIV's persecution of the Huguenots.

One thing was much taken notice of, that the *Gazettes*, which were still constantly printed twice a weeke, informing us what was don all over Europe, never spake of this wonderfull proceeding in France, nor was any relation of it published by any, save what private letters and the persecuted fugitives brought; whence this silence I list not to conjecture, but it seemed very extraordinary in a Protestant countrie (*Diary*, Nov. 3rd, 1685).

Though John Phillips was a nephew of Milton and had been educated by him according to his own theories, he did not follow the same course in politics as his poetic uncle. Under the

Commonwealth he had been summoned by the Council to explain the publication of a licentious volume called *Sportive Wit* and is credited with some other excursions into Royalist buffoonery. Later on he fell in with Titus Oates and was one of the company who used to meet with the Doctor at the club in Fuller's Rents along with Matthew Medburne the Catholic actor and others. In the evidence of Smith the schoolmaster (*Life of Titus Oates*, by Jane Lane, p. 83) one may read that:

Medburne and John Phillips brought Oates to me at Islington; we went to the Catherine-wheel where we drank a bottle or two of claret and my boy brought me some new Acts of Parliament then newly published. Upon reading them there happened a great debate between Medburne and Titus Oates concerning the Three Estates; Titus affirming the King to be one of the Three Estates, and answerable to the other two, which he called the Lords and Commons. Medburne contradicted him and told him he lied; insomuch that they grew to very hard words, Phillips justifying Oates and I Medburne.

Phillips justified Oates in another sense, by producing in 1680 a vindication of Oates's narrative and by continuing in polemics with L'Estrange who was in his *Observer* ridiculing the great Doctor. How the Jesuits could be thought to have employed such a "knight of the pen" for a crypto-Catholic news-letter can best be explained by the fact that John Milton's brother Christopher was a confirmed Catholic and was made a judge by King James soon after his accession. If the wretched Phillips was now penniless at the change of government, he was not backward in paying court to the new power by writing poems that might be thought to recommend him to the King. It might be that Uncle Christopher was called in to give his nephew a new start; but however that may be, he was certainly a man quite detached from any form of Protestantism and is described by Anthony à Wood as an atheist of very loose principles. One may think the Jesuits simple and over-confident in using the tool of Oates after all they had suffered at his hands; or one might say that they were being subtle and employing a man whom the public would identify with the Protestant interest the better to escape notice themselves. That Phillips broke loose from their guidance once the Revolution was on foot and produced the issues of the second year (which was not completed) to his own liking need not be

questioned. After several issues of the second year, he suspended publication of the *Monethly Account* and soon afterwards, in August 1690, he began the *Present State of Europe: or a historical and political Mercury*.

Theology as such hardly entered into the *Monethly Account*, though there were incidental glances at it. Thus there is a rumour to be scotched that the veneration of relics and statues is being given up in France:

Cardinal Camus, Bishop and Prince of Grenoble, being hotly reported to have incurred His Holiness' displeasure by having written a certain letter to the curates of his diocese touching the invocation of Saints and Relicts, all those rumours are found to be only the fictions of certain malicious People. For that Prelate has asserted nothing but what is conformable to the doctrine of the Council of Trent.

Again in the issue for July 1688 there is a note upon Quietism, along with the promise to give the whole history of that error in a later number. The stress of the times prevented the unknown author from returning to the subject before the Revolution, and certainly no one can think that John Phillips himself would be the man to want to give an account of the Quietists. Finally, there is in the same issue a review of a book by the Bishop of Tournai against the infallibility of the Pope. The bishop's views are exposed without comment. It is clear that he accepted the infallibility of the Church but disputed where, in the Church, this power might lie. One may wonder that a Jesuit should leave such views without criticism, but it is to be remembered that already the war-clouds were gathering in Holland, and, further, that the writer of the review may have been well pleased to present a view of Catholic theology that did not coincide with his own, either to promote discussion among Protestants or to give an appearance of fairness. (Some time previously the Franciscan writer of *The Papist Reformed* ended his dialogue with its hero, the old Catholic knight, going over to Protestantism, but he allowed him to give that religion such a drubbing on the way that few Protestant readers would be happy at such a conversion.)

The prejudice that had to be overcome by a Catholic apologist at this time can easily be judged when one sees how John Evelyn reacted to the sight of the Catholic liturgy in the New Chapel at Whitehall:

Here we saw the Bishop in his mitre and rich copes, with 6 or 7 Jesuits and others in rich copes, sumptuously habited, often taking off and putting on the Bishop's mitre, who sate in a chaire with arms pontifically, was ador'd and cens'd by 3 Jesuits in their copes; then he went to the altar and made divers cringes, then censuring the images and glorious tabernacle plac'd on the altar, and now and then changing place: the crosier, wch was of silver, was put into his hand with a world of mysterious ceremony, the musiq playing, with singing. I could not have believed I should ever have scene such things in the King of England's Palace, after it had pleas'd God to enlighten this Nation (*Diary*, Dec. 29th, 1686).

All during the reign Obadiah Walker at Oxford or some friend of his was pouring out from the Press the spiritual writings of Abraham Woodhead (the translator of St. Teresa's *Life*, who died 1678) which seemed to have been prepared just for such an opportunity, so that learned and devout men might read the truth about Catholic devotions and religious orders and dispel their prejudices. Devout humanism—in Bremond's sense—was not unknown in the England of that time, as the recent publication of John Evelyn's dealings with Mrs. Godolphin has shown, and there was no reason why, given a few more years of free discussion, such Protestant devotion should not have been guided into the Catholic Church. England was the only country wherein the Counter-Reformation had been launched in the preceding century and had failed. It would seem that there were some at least in the reign of James II who wanted to make up for this previous frustration and loss of time.

## THE MONASTERY OF MONTSERRAT

LEGEND DECLARES that the summit of the strange mountain of Montserrat was rent into its present serrated form at the moment of the Crucifixion; and certainly the situation of its monastery, perched in a cleft of these rocky heights, is one of the most dramatic in all Europe. About thirty miles from Barcelona, the red-grey mass of Montserrat rises to four thousand feet and is crowned with a series of pinnacles, jagged teeth, buttresses and pyramids of stone as fantastic as any landscape painted by Salvador Dali. The mountain slopes,



however, are clothed in dark green and covered with a profusion of ilex, arbutus, box-trees, and laurestinus; and so protected is the site that wild flowers and shrubs abound. The English traveller, John Ford, counted more than five hundred different plants when he visited the monastery over a hundred years ago.

Whilst living in Catalonia, I have seen Montserrat in many moods: sometimes grey and almost invisible among the clouds, at other times glowing in the reflected sunlight, its sandstone mass warm with rose-red and amethyst, and this play of varied light upon the solitary mountain enhances its mystical reputation. Seen from afar, it often radiates an almost unearthly splendour, and one can well understand why the nations of the Middle Ages confused this mountain in their minds with Montsalvat, the resting-place of the Holy Grail. Still, the real and living legend of Montserrat, kept alive by its Benedictine foundation, is as moving and fascinating as any vision, and it dates from the eighth century.

The fame of the shrine has always rested on its possession of the celebrated Virgin of Montserrat—*La Morenata*, as the Catalans call her—a black wooden carving of the Virgin and Child reputed to have been executed by St. Luke and brought to Barcelona by St. Peter in the year A.D. 50. But times were soon troubled, and when the Moorish invasion was at its height some monks living on the mountain hid the sacred image in a cave and then fled. This was about the year 717.

Then, according to the legend, the image was miraculously rediscovered by some shepherds towards the end of the ninth century, and with this the real history of Montserrat begins. Hearing of the discovery, Gondemar, Bishop of Vich, decided to move the image to Manresa, but on reaching the ledge where the monastery now stands the Virgin refused to move any farther. John Ford has a slightly different version. It is worth giving for its charm. "Some shepherds," he writes, "were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon the Bishop of Vique came in person, and being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot in which it remained for one hundred and sixty years." At first a convent of nuns was founded on this spot, but in 976 it was replaced by a Benedictine monastery with monks from the neighbouring great abbey of Ripoll.

Montserrat, like other important Benedictine foundations, was not only pre-eminent in spiritual matters but soon became a centre of enlightenment and culture. Many of its abbots were notable architects; they employed the best craftsmen and sculptors in this part of Spain to beautify their church, and founded, also, a famous school of music.



They were amongst the first to set up a printing press when printing was still new to the world. Its library remains justly celebrated, and the present-day monastery still carries on these fine traditions. But if the history of the monastery is glorious it is also not without many vicissitudes.

As the centuries passed, the fame of the Virgin of Montserrat grew throughout Christendom, and in the sixteenth century it is recorded that the yearly number of pilgrims to this shrine numbered half a million. Popes, kings, and princes showered gifts and benefits on the foundation, and in particular two Spanish Popes, Benedict XIII and Alexander VI, took a paternal interest in its welfare. It is interesting to note that the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, never forgot his Spanish origins. Apart from the protection which he gave to Montserrat, he also made many benefactions to Valencia, virtually his native city for the family came from nearby; and the fact that Valencia now owns the *Santa Calix*—the chalice carved out of sardonyx which tradition holds to be the one used at the Last Supper—was due to his generosity.

Montserrat achieved even greater splendours and fame during the Renaissance and the great days of the Spanish Empire. The Emperor Charles V visited it nine times; in 1522 Ignacio Loyola laid on the altar his iron sword, and in all-night vigil dedicated his life to Our Lady; Don Juan of Austria placed the spoils of Lepanto at the feet of its Virgin; later in the century Philip II built the present Renaissance church to house the statue, and on July 11, 1599, he himself carried it into its new church where it is now venerated.

For the next two centuries Montserrat, protected and isolated and still a place of pilgrimage, remained unmolested. But at the beginning of the nineteenth century, disaster overtook it. During the Peninsular War, the fortress-like site of the mountain tempted the French invaders, and in July 1811 Suchet and his French soldiers stormed Montserrat, slew its monks and plundered its fabulous riches. The French also burnt the library and desecrated the shrine. A few years later an internal Spanish revolution accomplished the final desolation of the monastery, and when Ford visited it he found the place decayed—"on one side of the entrance . . . some crumbling sepulchres; the ruined cloisters, garden, walks . . . over-run with nettles . . . the roofless cells now untenanted."<sup>1</sup>

But the Virgin of Montserrat has always emerged triumphant despite the worldly vicissitude through which her monastery has passed. Towards the end of the last century, the buildings were fully restored, and more recently the monastery has been modernized and many fine buildings added. Montserrat suffered again in the Spanish

<sup>1</sup> Richard Ford: *Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain* (1845).

Civil War, and many of its monks were martyred. Today, however, the Virgin of Montserrat is enshrined in her church and the holy mountain is again the centre of pilgrimage.

I first visited Montserrat two years ago and drove there by car from Barcelona. Transport to the mountain monastery, however, is now an easy matter as there are regular bus services from Barcelona, and the Catalans have also constructed a mountain railway that takes pilgrims and travellers direct to the entrance of the monastery buildings.

Everyone who visits Montserrat is immediately impressed by the serenity of its atmosphere and by the sparkling quality of the air; and I could understand why Montserrat has always attracted numerous hermits apart from its monastic community. The modern monastery buildings are of grey stone and tower up against the background of jagged peaks like slender skyscrapers. Everything is neatly planned and well-ordered, and the Benedictines have built a magnificent restaurant, supplying excellent meals and wines, just beside their monastery buildings. They have also built *Aposentos*, or lodging-houses, on each side of the restaurant, which can house two thousand pilgrims.

The ordinary visitor is not allowed inside the monastery itself, but I had obtained special permission to be shown over it. However, I wanted to see the Basilica, or church, first. So, passing the modern cloisters which are in the Romanesque style, I arrived in front of the Renaissance church built by Philip II during the years 1560-92. It is a dignified building but of no remarkable architectural interest. Passing inside I found the interior filled with dark shadows and crowded with pilgrims. Against this sombre background the shrine of the Virgin glittered with burnished gold behind the High Altar.

*La Morenata*, or the Black Virgin of Montserrat, has worked many miracles, and is especially venerated by the newly-wed couples of Catalonia. On the summer afternoon when I visited the shrine, there was a long queue of young women waiting to touch the miraculous image. The sanctuary of the Virgin has been built as an oval chamber, plated with gold, in the centre of the apse of the church and is reached by a series of steps. The dark carved wooden statue of the Virgin and Child is large, and the Virgin holds an orb in her right hand. Pilgrims are allowed to touch this wooden orb, and the Catalan women believe that touching it encourages fertility. The carving of this remarkable statue is very fine, and seems to be Byzantine in inspiration. The head of the Virgin is larger than her body, and as she sits enthroned with the infant Christ on her lap, the image has a compelling power. This Virgin is not like the beautiful sorrowful Virgins of Andalusia, but an image of stark yet mystical force.

Behind this church is the *Escolania*, or music-school, where the choirboys are trained, and I regretted that I could not attend the Office, for I had been told that their singing is almost as beautiful as that of the Vatican Choir. After I left the church, I walked to the entrance of the monastery and rang the front-door bell. I was admitted after I had shown my credentials and shown into a fine modern entrance hall, complete with lifts, and I was astonished by the luxury and fine decoration of the public rooms. A young monk who had visited Buckfast Abbey and Downside had been delegated to show me round, and he told me in broken English that he was delighted to welcome any English visitor.

Although the interior of the monastery is modern it has been designed with unusual taste and much use has been made of the local grey stone which, when polished, looks like a fine marble. The celebrated library is now housed in a magnificent long room with a curved roof. As I was being shown round, my young monk took me to see a glass case in which was kept a collection of letters and autographs of famous visitors to Montserrat. Taking pride of place was the autograph of Sir Alexander Fleming, who had recently visited the monastery, and my guide told me that all Catalans—he was an ardent one himself—considered Fleming one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

Leaving the monastery building, we then went into the garden and terraces which the monks have made along the mountain slope, and it was here that I again experienced the extraordinary peace and fascination of Montserrat. The site of the monastery and its gardens faces out towards the distant Mediterranean, and looking towards the north you can see the Pyrenees. Even on this summer day some of the far-off mountains were crowned with snow, whilst thousands of feet below us the plains shimmered with heat. Every kind of flower appears to grow happily at this height, and the monks' terraced gardens whilst small, glowed with colour and seemed all the more touching when seen against the gaunt rocks of the mountain-top. In one corner, I was shown the graves of the monks martyred by the Communists in the Civil War. As we walked in this serene, shut-in world the monk told me about the hermitages which are still to be seen in various parts of the mountain. He named famous Spaniards who had sought refuge in the hermit's life in the past, and commented that it appeared peculiar to the Spanish temperament—this desire for spiritual retreat and an ascetic existence.

DEREK PATMORE

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

READERS OF THESE NOTES will perhaps recall that I have, from time to time, mentioned the recording of out-of-the-way classical music by the London Baroque Ensemble under the direction of Karl Haas. Within recent months quite a number of such recordings have accumulated, and I would like to give them pride of place in these present notes, not only for the excellence of the playing and reproduction, but for the choice of music. The word "Baroque" is a fashionable one now in musicological circles, and it is usually taken to cover the output of Bach and allied composers. The London Baroque Ensemble has, however, specialized in later eighteenth century music, particularly that of Haydn and Mozart, and to call these composers "Baroque" makes the word as meaningless as the present "existentialism," covering the thought of two such diverse philosophers as Kierkegaard and Sartre. However, it makes a good sonorous title for an ensemble! Two works recorded are particularly outstanding: Haydn's Symphony No. 22 (The Philosopher) in E flat major, and the same composer's Concerto in F for violin and harpsichord and orchestra (soloists, Jean Pougnet and Lionel Salter) on Parlophone Odeon records SW8122-3 and SW8126-8. The former has a remarkable Adagio first movement that does away entirely with contrasted subject-matter, and concentrates on the exploitation of long-drawn-out lines above a regularly pulsing bass. It has the feeling of an immensely developed introduction to the quick second movement. The concerto is such a vivid and exciting work that it is difficult to account for its non-appearance in concert programmes. It has a Vivaldiesque virtuosity of colour developed from very simple material. The playing is extremely good. Smaller works recorded by the Ensemble are Haydn's St. Anthony Divertimento (SW8120-1) for wind instruments (from which Brahms took his theme for the orchestral Haydn Variations), and, occupying one side of the two records, Mozart's Adagio for cor anglais, two violins and 'cello, a lovely "cantilena": a set of Marches for wind instruments by Cherubini (R20613), occasional music showing vital craftsmanship, and two Serenades, by Dvorak in D minor (SW8132-4) and by Mozart in E flat major (SW8142-4). The former has delicious things in it. Other recordings of Haydn and Mozart that show, if such demonstration is now needed, their perfect unity of imagination, style and technique, are the former's "Sinfonia Concertante" for oboe, bassoon, violin, 'cello and orchestra (Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra), conducted by Fritz Busch (H.M.V. C7876-8), the "Surprise" Symphony (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Beecham: Col. LX8885-7),

presented with a rare understanding of texture, and the 'Cello Concerto, attributed to Haydn and arranged by Gavaert (Pierre Fournier with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Kubelik: H.M.V. DB9743-5) played with perfectly controlled grace and finish. Of Mozart, there is a superb performance by Giesecking and the Philharmonia Orchestra under von Karajan of the A major Piano Concerto (Col. LX1510-3), the slow movement of which is surely one of the most heart-melting movements ever written, and which incidentally makes nonsense of the division between classic and romantic; and four symphonies, No. 35 (The Haffner) played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under van Beinum (Decca AX467-8), No. 39 in E flat by the Vienna Philharmonic under von Karajan (Col. LX8785-7), No. 34 in C and No. 38 in D (The Prague) on a long-playing Decca record, LXT2614, played by the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande under Peter Maag and Ansermet respectively. All are fine performances (with the exception of a falling-short in the ensemble in exposed places in No. 38): that of the Haffner virile, and No. 39 having a beautifully moulded and rounded tone with not the slightest trace of "edge" in the strings. The 34th symphony is the least known of the four, and is a blunt contradiction of the nineteenth century view of the "angelic" Mozart: its drama and force are of Beethovenian proportions. Finally, there is a ravishing performance of the A minor piano sonata by Dinu Lipatti (Col. LX8788-9), whose early death has robbed music of a striking interpretative and creative artist.

Earlier music is mostly Bach. Two thrilling organ performances are Germani's on Westminster Cathedral organ of the Dorian Toccata and Fugue (H.M.V. C7918-9) and Geraint Jones's on a very different and perhaps more appropriate German instrument of the D major Prelude and Fugue (H.M.V. C7898-9). The latter work has an incredible prelude where symmetry and asymmetry alternate, and a fugue that almost unbearably piles up the tone. Two Brandenburgs, No. 3 in G (Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Münchinger: Decca X493), and No. 4 in G (Danish State Broadcasting Orchestra: H.M.V. C7838-40), are recommended for a fine virility and authenticity of performance. The Stuttgart orchestra (a very fine body of players) also give, on one long-playing record (Decca LXT2668) transcriptions, by the conductor, of the organ fugues in A minor and G minor ("Schmieder" and "The Great"), the six-part Ricercare from the Musical Offering arranged by Edwin Fischer, and the Beethoven Grosse Fugue. The playing has a thrilling sonority, but long-playing records have still not yet eliminated a disturbing edginess to string tone in the higher registers. Bach's contemporary Handel is represented by only one small work in recent record issues, the Harpsichord Suite in E major (Col. LX1532): this is played in a masterly way by Giesecking.



Two Beethoven quartets from Op. 18 are played by two different quartets, No. 3 by the Griller (Decca AX439-41) and No. 5 by the Paganini (H.M.V. DB9648-50), and the difference of approach is most instructive. The technical standard of both is extremely high, but the Paganini play with what is for me a disturbing over-emphasis of rhythm and accent, whereas with the Griller Quartet one is hardly aware of bar lines: the texture is a continuous web of sound braced and strutted by rhythmic points that have a musical rather than a bar-line significance. The latter is, of course, the maturer viewpoint. The New Italian Quartet play Op. 59, No. 3 in C major of Beethoven, together with the Schubert Quartettsatz on long-playing Decca LXT2679. A queer mechanical fault on the record sent to me for review makes the slow movement begin half a tone sharp—in B flat minor—and then half way through makes it drop to the right key. The same sort of thing happens in the next movement, and this makes me hesitate to recommend the record, in spite of the fine playing. The Chigiano Quintet give an excitingly robust performance of Brahms's Piano Quintet in F minor (L.P. LXT2687), but surely that wonderful introduction to the last movement should contain more mystery?

What has modernity to offer against all this wealth of inventive beauty? In throwing overboard the dominance of melody the very fibre and substance of music has suffered, and the modern muse, in searching for a substitute, moves fitfully from one will-'o-the-wisp to another. Much of beauty and excitement is found on the way, but thought, feeling and substance are rarely found fused into a satisfying whole. Debussy, whose Nocturnes (together with Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole") appear on L.P. Decca LXT2637, achieves a rare unity; but such ravishing sensuousness cannot be a daily diet. Delius uses a similar palette, though the result is more attenuated and commonplace in "Summer Night on the River" and "Song before Sunrise" (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Beecham: H.M.V. DB9757-8): Stravinsky in "L'oiseau de Feu" Suite (Philharmonia Orchestra under Galliera: Col. DX8381-3) exhibits a wonderful orchestral virtuosity, but the aural sensationalism becomes very tiring: Prokofief in his 6th Symphony (Orchestra de la Suisse Romande under Ansermet: L.P. LXT2667) uses a fine technique for physically exhilarating ends, but what is the purpose of all the bustle and energy? Conrad Beck's Viola Concerto (L.P. LXT2703), well made though much of it is, lacks consistent purpose and a convincing over-all design, and Alan Rawsthorne's Piano Concerto No. 2 (L.P. LX3066), full of fine craftsmanship and aural beauty, seems afraid to plumb any sort of depth. Decca also issue some superficial note-spinning by Jean Binet (String Quartet), Adolf Brunner (Sonata for flute and piano) and Othmar Schoeck



(Toccata for piano) on one L.P. record LXT2658, a song recital by Irma Kolassi, which, when I opened the case, was turned into a folk-song recital by Kathleen Ferrier, and a Symphony No. 1 by Ture Rangström, in memoriam August Strindberg, which is too literary to form a coherent musical whole. Going a little further back we get Strauss's gross "Sinfonia Domestica" (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Krauss: L.P. LXT2643), and Chausson's nostalgic "Poème" for violin and orchestra beautifully played by Menuhin and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Boult (H.M.V. DB9759-60). As for Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite" (N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Toscanini: H.M.V. DB9629-32), one can only wonder that a conductor of Toscanini's calibre should descend to such super-cinema stuff. The only modern works in recent issues whose muscularity, rootedness and general healthiness of outlook can be recommended are Michael Tippett's "Concerto for Double String Orchestra" (Philharmonia Orchestra under Walter Goehr: H.M.V. C7926-8), and Vaughan Williams's "Thanksgiving for Victory" (Luton Choral Society and London Philharmonic Orchestra under Boult: Parlophone Odeon SW8138-9) and his "London" Symphony (L.P. LXT2693). Bartók's "Portrait" for violin and orchestra (played by Szigeti and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Lambert: Col. LX1531) is a beautifully poetical early work and can be recommended. Jennie Tourel's singing of two of Debussy's Verlaine settings (Col. LB125) is disappointing. There is a disconcerting portamento, and the top notes are hard and forced.

Here is a short list of other records that I would like to recommend:

Wagner: the whole of *Die Meistersinger* on LP records (Decca)—a remarkable achievement.

Excerpts from Acts 1 and 3 of *Parsifal* (Col. LX1441-2).

Brazilian Folk-songs sung to guitar by Olga Coelho (Parlophone Odeon). Brilliant singing: especially in an amusing "patter" song, "The Frog."

Seven Spanish Folk-songs arranged by Manuel de Falla, sung by Victoria de los Angeles (H.M.V. DB9731-2). Another performance by Gerard Souzay on Decca LP3077—together with Ravel's enchanting "Histoires Naturelles."

Mendelssohn: "Variations Serieuses," for piano (H.M.V. DA7042-3). Played by Cortot with unusual beauty, and entirely free from his proneness to sentimentality in romantic music.

Beethoven: "An die Ferne Geliebte," sung by Fischer-Dieskau, accompanied by Gerald Moore (H.M.V. 9681-2).

Schubert: "Auf der Bruch" and "Im Frühling." Peter Pears and

Benjamin Britten. Mannered perhaps, but beautifully done (H.M.V.).

As an appendix to these notes I would like to recommend the Supraphon recordings made in Czecho-Slovakia and obtainable here from Collet's Holdings Ltd. Apart from a long list of interesting recordings of early Czech music, largely liturgical, of which we are in the main ignorant, there are recordings of the works of such modern composers as Shostakovich (Piano Trio: interesting but uneven), Janacek, an enigmatic but fascinating musical personality, and Martinu, a forceful composer whose music is apt to get caught in the toils of its somewhat streamlined movement.

EDMUND RUBBRA

## REVIEWS

### TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

*Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*, by Paul Blanshard (Cape 18s).

*Liberty or Equality*, by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn (Hollis and Carter 30s).

*Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, by V. A. Demant (Faber 12s 6d).

*Understanding Europe*, by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward 16s).

IT IS NEARLY FORTY YEARS now since Edward Grey made his prophetic utterance about the lights of Europe, and the time of their rekindling seems further off than ever. Forty years of frenzied Wagnerian discord are ending in a terrifying twilight of the gods in whom men had learnt to put their trust. And as we contemplate the contemporary scene, there are times when we wonder if the curtain is to fall for the last time on the whole tragic history of man, or if his pilgrim music will still be heard down the centuries. The four books under review concern themselves in their different ways with this anxious problem.

Mr. Blanshard's book is, by comparison with the rest, trivial and insignificant. Readers of his earlier book will be prepared for his general thesis, which is that the only hope for the world is to be found in the democratic way of life, to which Catholicism is scarcely a less grave menace than Communism. As stated, the thesis is not likely to command any great respect, and there is something of hysteria in the way in which the case is argued. Catholics should be the last to deny that there is substance in some of his accusations about the intolerance (in the bad sense) of many Catholic utterances, and we can readily admit that individual Catholics are not necessarily conspicuous for

their tact or charity or political maturity. But the book fails because the author does not really understand what Catholicism is about. But more of this later.

The other three books are more directly concerned with the specifically political situation in the world today. *Liberty or Equality*, as its title implies, is a discussion as to whether the pursuit of political egalitarianism is, in fact, compatible with genuine human freedom. In a long and carefully documented discussion—one of the remarkable features of the book is its impressive apparatus of footnotes, numbering close on a thousand—the author develops his thesis that human liberty is not necessarily served by an uncritical and unphilosophical preaching of the equality of all men. From de Tocqueville and Gouverneur Morris to Proudhon and Acton a cloud of witnesses is invoked to support the Platonic view that “democracy” leads inevitably to tyranny, a despotism which is none the less tyrannical for being, in de Tocqueville’s words, “minute, regular, provident and mild,” a despotism which

would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, . . . its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks on the contrary to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing.

Clearly, this is a subject of immediate urgency, and it is high time that politicians gave some time to thinking out what they mean when they talk of the equality of all men. Certainly no positivist or phenomenological approach to the subject can possibly justify such an axiom, and it is at least curious that many a modern demagogue who invokes it as a self-evident truth fails to reflect that it can only be justified by the acceptance of certain metaphysical and indeed religious principles which he would be the last person to admit. Manifestly, the most obvious fact in human experience is the entire inequality of human beings—physically, intellectually and morally, no less than socially. Maritain’s distinction between the equality of human beings as persons and their inequality as individuals is of fundamental importance. All men, as persons, as pilgrims of eternity, with a transcendent, supernatural destiny have an infinite significance, beyond the measure of political standards. As individuals, with varying endowments and varying capacities to contribute to the common welfare, with individual needs calling for individual attention, they will only find their fulfilment on earth in a society which is hierarchically arranged to enable the individual to find his own niche.

There have been and are undoubtedly politicians and social reformers who find in the doctrine of human equality an inspiration and a driving-force leading them to work unselfishly for the removal of the gross

inequalities and injustices that spring from an inhuman and unchristian greed and selfishness. But it is equally true, to quote de Tocqueville again, that "Equality is a slogan based on envy. It signifies in the heart of every republican: 'Nobody is going to occupy a higher place than I.'" Whilst therefore it is part of the politician's business to devise some system whereby a check is placed on the temptation of the strong to exploit the weakness of the inferior, it does not follow that the greatest possible devolution of political power is the best means to that end. It may, in fact, make too great demands on the intelligence and wisdom of the mass of mankind, resulting in the sort of folly which, in the end, ruined Athenian democracy and has brought modern civilization to the brink of the abyss.

In an interesting Note on the Problem of Authority, the author of *Equality or Liberty* suggests that some modern Catholic political theorists may have been misled by popular catchwords. "Their desire to make a popular idea plausible may have blurred their vision," and he reminds them that the Church herself is, in the words of Pius X, a society *vi et natura sua inaequalis*. Such a reminder is, of course, an *argumentum ad hominem*, not carrying much weight outside Catholic circles, but at least it is fair to quote it in discussion with those Catholics who argue from the Christian doctrine of man's transcendent equality to the need to establish an egalitarian political régime on earth. As a Christian I am bound to hold that all men are as good as I am in the sight of God; I am not bound to believe that Christ's insistence that I should be prepared to share my clothes with my neighbour is a categorical imperative of universal applicability rather than a counsel of perfection, expressing an individual state of mind.

With Professor Demant's Holland lectures, deliberately recalling by their title Professor Tawney's classical study of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, the nature of the argument shifts still further. We are not now concerned with political systems as such, but rather with the spirit in which modern man faces the economic and social problems of the day. Tawney's thesis was concerned with the effects of "the transference of economic life from having been a normative activity, responsible to ethics and religion for its means and ends, to the achievement of autonomy with a law of its own, answerable to no other warrant." The result of this was the establishment of the economic framework which has controlled and, to a large extent, cramped human life during the last four centuries. To paraphrase a famous remark of President Coolidge: "the business of man is business" in the modern world in a sense which would have been unthinkable in the ages of faith. The thesis of Professor Demant's lectures is, in the terrible words of Augustine: *repperunt mercedem suam vani vanam*. Capitalism has declined, not in the sense that the economic system going by that

name is played out: but it has ceased to count for very much. For, as he says,

the health of a civilization requires that its religion, its ethics and its teaching lore stand for the universal and essential truths about man and his destiny and do not merely reflect the notions of a particular society about what is the good life.

Or, in the words he quotes from Schumpeter, "the Stock Exchange is a poor substitute for the Holy Grail."

With the increasing complexity of industrial civilization and the vast extension of commercial enterprises, economic man has found himself more and more bewildered. The gods of the market-place have failed to bring him happiness, because they have interfered to an unbearable extent with the foundations on which that happiness is built. "There is something in our industrial civilization that has tended to destroy the associative propensities of man." Not, unfortunately, that he has therefore returned to a saner way of life. On the contrary, the last state of that man is worse than the first. Economic man has been replaced by political man: the State principle is replacing the economic one. By this Professor Demant means that "the political fact of the modern state becomes the most conscious instrument by which peoples seek to recover community after the breakdown of market economy. The State principle grows in influence as the market economy ceases to function."

To suggest that this is in any sense an adequate analysis of the thesis of a series of lectures that are closely reasoned and packed with quotation and illustration from a wealth of writers would be to do their author a grave injustice. But Professor Demant would perhaps agree that the ideas of the last few paragraphs are largely derived from his book. It is not a book that is easy to read, and in some places the argument takes for granted more knowledge than the average reader may be likely to possess. But there can be little doubt that it is an important one. Its persistent message is, in essence, as old as the Hebrew prophets. But it is stated with an urgency and an appositeness which will commend it to many who are not likely to turn for enlightenment to the preaching of Jeremiah.

When a philosophy dismisses the reality of the transcendent God who is the source of the unity between Nature and spirit, that philosophy must regard the duality or tension between these two as a dualism—and when it then seeks to overcome the dualism it can do so only by making one side of the duality a form of the other. . . . According to Christian teaching there is an ultimate unity in the fact of God, who is the ground of the world's existence and also in a special sense of the human soul.

Or again: "Religious faith gives men a sense that they have a status in



the universe whatever may happen in the rough and tumble of history."

One last quotation from Professor Demant must be made to round off this attempted summary.

My main point is that civilization becomes a temptation when people take all of it for granted as certainly of value for human beings. This becomes very serious when we have no standards from outside our civilization by which to judge which of its forces are helpful and which detrimental. . . . Civilizations—like happiness—come as by-products of pursuing human aims. That is why the sources of civilization are outside itself.

We come then to Mr. Dawson's latest book, surely the most penetrating and magisterial of that impressive series of works which have come from his pen. It is some indication of the great success that their author has already achieved in educating us into an understanding of Europe that we have been won over to an acceptance of his thesis before we have finished half of the first chapter. But he does not merely insist that our salvation and the salvation of modern civilization hinges on an ability to appreciate our past and to return to the fullness of the European way of life at its highest and best; he sets out to show us, once again, what Europe stands for. But this is no re-hash of the *Making of Europe*. It is a book that stands by itself, possessing all the genius of that great work, and showing the same mastery of sources in a reconstruction of European, British colonial and American history in modern times. The brief sketch of early Russian history is alone a real addition to our equipment for an understanding of the problems of the twentieth century.

Reading Mr. Dawson's book side by side with Professor Demant's we see how perfectly they reinforce each other. There is a larger air about the former, which is not limited to purely economic considerations. But the conclusions they arrive at are complementary. Just as the "decline of Capitalism" set in because economic ends were pursued for their own sakes, so did the disintegration of Europe set in when, with the rise of the national states, individual groups pursued their narrower ambitions and lost sight of their underlying principle of unity. "It is only as part of a larger whole that the States of Western Europe can survive. . . . Unfortunately the whole weight of government propaganda and official history and politics has always been so concentrated on the ideology of the State and the nation that the larger European unit has been left to take care of itself."

What, in effect, Mr. Dawson is pleading for is a renewal of the great tradition of European education at its best. "Today religious education is apt to be considered a kind of extra, insecurely tacked on to the general educational structure, not unlike a Gothic church in a modern housing estate. But in the past it was the foundation on which



the whole edifice of culture was based and which was deeply embedded below the surface of social consciousness."

Each of these books, then, is a challenge to our faith and our practice. It is easy to say that our civilization is mortally sick because it has refused to listen to the voice of the Church. Part of the blame surely attaches to those who, having the faith, have pursued a policy of spiritual isolationism, which, whatever its historical explanation may be, has been good neither for the Church nor for the world. It is easy to say that Mr. Blanshard does not "really understand what Catholicism is about." The point is that it is part of our business to make it easier for men like him to understand. And we shall not do that without some radical rethinking of our responsibilities to the modern world. Whatever part the Fathers of the desert played in preserving the essentials of Christian truth in a hostile world, it was men like Augustine and Ambrose, Gregory the Great and the Benedictine missionaries, Alcuin and the founders of the medieval universities who were God's instruments in its propagation. The needs of our day are as great as were the needs of men in the decline of the Western Empire and in the days of the great movements of the barbarian peoples. But they are different needs and demand a different approach.

THOMAS CORBISHLEY

### A TROUBLED REIGN

*King George V: His Life and Reign*, by Harold Nicolson (Constable 42s).

SINCE THE ACCESSION of William Rufus no less than twelve English kings have been born younger sons. King George V, the last but one of them, cherished the illusion, and we may feel the hope, that he would never reign till he had long passed out of infancy. He was twenty-five years when the death of his elder brother without offspring left him next to his father in succession to the crown. Neither brother was married at the death of the elder one, whose engagement to Princess Mary of Teck had just brought to a close a long period of speculation as to who the future queen would be. For in 1888 the eldest son of the Prince of Wales had fallen in love with the Princess Hélène of Bourbon-Orléans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, claimant to the French throne. Her father is stated to have been willing to give his consent to the union provided that the Pope would grant a dispensation to his daughter to become a Protestant. Matters dragged on for some three years at the end of which time we are told that Queen Victoria in a letter to the Empress Frederick, to which Mr. Nicolson has had access, said that the Pope had refused the necessary dispensation and that in consequence the matter was closed. We can only form surmises as to what actually took place. That the Comte de Paris,

*une âme royale et chrétienne* as Mgr. d'Hulst called him, even though his mother had been a Protestant, could have supposed that the Pope could have granted such a dispensation is difficult to believe. If we exclude this possibility we are left with the suppositions that the queen misunderstood something which the Comte de Paris had said or that Mr. Nicolson has misunderstood the queen.

The Princess Mary became engaged to the surviving brother and lived to be the first Consort of a King of England to be born in these islands since Katherine Parr. The queen conferred on her grandson, though unwillingly, the title of Duke of York. For in spite of its historical associations it was in her mind linked with unpleasant memories of her uncle, the last holder of it. As second in succession to the throne the future king led, mostly at York Cottage, Sandringham, as tranquil an existence as his status would admit. In 1901 on his father's accession he became Prince of Wales, a position which he occupied for nine years. During this period he was less in the public eye than his father had been or his son was to be. He was not indeed altogether popular at this time; and opinions were expressed that the monarchy would suffer a decline in its influence on his accession to the throne. Though Mr. Nicolson does not mention the point George V, like his cousin William II, was not a freemason. In no country except Sweden has the royal family been so closely associated with Freemasonry as in Great Britain where most, though not quite all, of the royal princes have been for several generations members of the confraternity. In this respect George V lacked something which has undoubtedly contributed to the popularity of the throne. However, a criminal libel action against the journalist, Edward Mylius, in the first year of the new reign, dispelled "a strange legend" and the king's popularity was thenceforth assured.

After the comparatively tranquil reigns of his father and grandmother there came for George V one, in which crisis followed upon crisis, some domestic and some foreign, in rapid succession. It opened as an acute conflict between the two Houses of Parliament was developing. The Liberal Ministers wished the king to give guarantees that he would create enough peers (in this case it would have meant 400 or 500) so as to secure the passage of a measure limiting the power of veto possessed by the Upper House. There were precedents for this in the creation of twelve peers by Queen Anne to overcome opposition to the treaty of Utrecht and the promise given by William IV to create, if necessary, eighty peers to neutralize that offered to the Reform Bill. The Conservative opposition, confident that a fresh appeal to the electorate would return it to power, wished the king to refuse such guarantees until there had been another election. In either case the king stood in danger of being accused by one party of favouring its

opponents. In the end, he, it seems rightly, gave the required guarantees.

A cynic might remark that when the king is placed in a position in which he cannot avoid incurring the displeasure of one of the great political parties he should always choose to annoy the Conservatives since being more firmly rooted in their attachment to the throne an anti-monarchical agitation is much less conceivable among them than among their opponents. But in this case the situation was not so simple. What gave to the struggle over the veto of the House of Lords its acerbity, not to say its virulence, was the fact that over it hung the shadow of Irish Home Rule. Once the power of absolute veto had been taken away from the Upper House nothing could prevent a Home Rule Bill from reaching the Statute Book, though some of the more irresponsible elements in the Unionist Party were advocating an attempt to restore the royal veto which, as the Prime Minister put it, was literally "as dead as Queen Anne," not having been used since her reign. But passionate letters reached the palace from north-east Ireland. "Surely the king is not going to hand us over to the Pope" was their refrain. His private secretary, Lord Stamfordham, was disturbed at the effect these letters produced on the king's mind and urged him to ignore them. "But the king was troubled none the less." George V urged conciliation, but in the end it seems to have been Redmond's blindness rather than Bonar Law's fanaticism which prevented an agreed solution of the Ulster question. For the Nationalist leaders, obstinately determined to get the whole of the Six Counties, lost the opportunity of including within the authority of a Dublin Parliament portions of Down, Armagh and Fermanagh. In 1921, however, the Ulstermen, despite all their professions of loyalty, showed some indifference to the king's safety in inviting him to open the Belfast Parliament.

Toward the close of Edward VII's reign some anxiety was exhibited among Liberal Members of Parliament at a supposed undue activity of the sovereign in the sphere of foreign politics. George V knew more of the Empire than he knew of Europe. No such charge was brought against him. Mr. Nicolson's account of the sequence of events which led up to the catastrophe of 1914 is not altogether satisfactory. For he fails to bring out how the policy initiated by Lansdowne and continued by Grey of an ill-defined *entente* with France and Russia was more perilous than the alternative ones of an open alliance with those powers, of further attempts to reach an agreement with Germany or even of a continuance of "splendid isolation." The king did not probably perceive this either, but during the war his ethical standards seem to have been higher than those of the majority of his subjects. He was opposed to recourse to reprisals and showed width of outlook in a

smaller matter. For when under pressure from public opinion the banners of those Knights of the Garter who were enemy princes were removed from over their stalls in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the king insisted that the brass plates recording their names should remain.

It does not seem that the king fully grasped how tragic was the error of taking too little notice of Lord Lansdowne's appeal for a settlement based on compromise. Mr. Nicolson somewhat naïvely congratulates the British public on its refusal to take seriously some peace overtures made in 1916. Over the Lansdowne letter he allows, however, that the agitation was "largely artificial."

The seventeen years which remained to the king after the Armistice were far from tranquil when judged by Victorian or Edwardian standards. Immediately after the war came an intensification of the Irish crisis and a period of industrial unrest culminating in the General Strike of 1926. Then came a period of calm during which the king passed through a serious illness. Before his full recovery figures showing unemployment were reaching alarming heights. As the king was ageing the financial crisis of 1931 developed. In the formation of the National Government which it brought about George V played a less active part than he is sometimes credited with, and the main architect of this experiment seems to have been Lord Samuel. The reign closed in the midst of the Abyssinian crisis. Only one who was using the language of flattery would now maintain that the British monarchy was stronger when George V died than in 1910. But it has shown a resilience in which the greater number of Continental monarchies proved lacking. Though ably served by his private secretaries, King George V's own character contributed not a little to this.

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

### MYSTICAL PHENOMENA

*The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism.* Papers by the late Fr. Thurston, S.J., edited by J. H. Crehan, S.J. (Burns and Oates 35s).

THIS BOOK MAY BECOME A CLASSIC, though new evidence will always require it to be brought up to date. The phenomena discussed are definitely *physical*, for the author is not discussing the origin of what is subjective, like visions. He distinguished resolutely between sanctity and phenomena which may or may not accompany it, partly by observing parallel phenomena in those for whom sanctity is not claimed and who may not even hold any definite creed.

Levitation is first dealt with, whether of inanimate objects or persons. Evidence of the "flights" of St. Joseph of Copertino seems unshakable. In the case of St. Teresa, she had an almost unique power of analysing her own experiences, and her very matter-of-fact com-

ments were carefully checked by witnesses. Examples, better or worse, are countless. But then, I cannot see how Daniel Home's levitations could have been scrutinized more closely. I have before me *Heyday of a Wizard*, a biography of Home by Jean Burton; there is a long preface by Mr. Harry Price, who warns us that "not one in ten thousand" mediums is comparable with Home, who died in 1886: but Fr. Thurston can draw examples of phenomena from times nearer our own, and will apply no less rigorous a criticism also to these. His instances of telekinesis (the movement of a material object without material contact with a motive cause or agent) are confined to the "flight" of a consecrated Host from the hand of a priest, or from the corporal, to a communicant. A number of other physical phenomena are studied—multiplication of food seems frankly miraculous and *not*, therefore, the obverse of living without eating, also well attested and not among Catholics only. Cadaveric incorruption and flexibility do not seem to be preternatural, nor, perhaps, the non-coagulation of blood after death, nor even the power of handling red-hot coals, etc., without the tissues being injured. (Fr. Thurston does not seem to have, studied the easily-observable power of dervishes who, in a state of extreme excitement, can drive long bodkins straight through both cheeks without bleeding, though the punctures remain.)

Bodily elongation seems to me even better proved in Daniel Home than in Catholic ecstasies, allied with which is the dilation, shrinkage or extreme deformation of the body, observed, e.g. in Mlle. Jahenny (d. 1880) by six experts (among them a doctor and a priest). This seems to me the oddest of phenomena, unless it be the transference of sensation from one organ to another, as when a blinded girl could read if her nose or the lobes of her ears were touched, or smell through her insteps, or read through her fingers *in the dark*. Or when another could make lovely silk flowers only when her hands were behind her head. Such phenomena seem to occur chiefly among non-Catholics: but others, like the "multiple personality" of Mollie Fancher (non-Catholic) and Theresa Neumann seem indistinguishable: each will talk about herself (in the third person) in a voice not her own, as when Theresa speaks like a child of five, does not know what the Pope is, and must say "one and one and one," etc., when she means six. We can but mention abnormal phenomena of light and scent. A major section of the book (pp. 32-129) is concerned with stigmata. Is any subject more controversial? Fr. Thurston says that "so far as records are preserved concerning the history of stigmatized persons I venture to say that there is hardly a single case in which there is not evidence of the previous existence of a complication of nervous disorders before the stigmata developed." This makes it certain that if neurotic symptoms are surmised in some holy person, nothing at all is being said against



his or her sanctity: violent gestures, for example, or cries, or runnings to and fro may co-exist with what is at least *destined* to be sanctity; and it is noticeable how much more quiet ecstatic saints often become as their life's end nears. This book certainly teaches us how very little we now know about what the human body can endure or do, and the effect of the mind upon it. What matters is sanctity. Thus the Holy See, when canonizing St. Gemma Galgani, explicitly denied that it was guaranteeing the phenomena she manifested as supernatural.

C. C. MARTINDALE

### EVOLUTIONARY THEORY

*Historical Aspects of Organic Evolution*, by Philip G. Fothergill (Hollis and Carter 35s).

THE SUBJECT OF EVOLUTION is a notoriously difficult one to write about with any approach to impartiality. On the one hand, many Christians have believed in the past, and a few still believe, that Evolution undermines the foundations of their faith, either by discrediting the Book of Genesis and hence the Bible generally, or by encouraging a purely materialistic theory of the universe which would exclude God from the world. Such people have tended to reject evolution out of hand, without any consideration of the scientific evidence. On the other hand the materialists, and all for whom naturalism is a fundamental dogma, are committed in advance to an evolutionary theory, since the only alternative would seem to be Special Creation, and this would shatter their scheme of things beyond repair. Even among those scientists who are not blindly committed to a purely naturalistic interpretation of the universe, there is a feeling that special creation is aesthetically unsatisfying in comparison with a theory which explains the origin and development of life in terms of one or a few fundamental natural laws. Hence it could only be admitted with reluctance, when all other explanations had failed. There has in consequence always been a tendency for biologists to treat the theory as sacrosanct, and to insulate it from the detached and unsparing criticism to which an ordinary scientific theory must be subjected. There is therefore a real need of impartial studies of evolution by competent biologists for whom it is neither a dogma to be defended at all costs, nor a theological heresy which must be categorically rejected.

Dr. Fothergill, who is both a biologist and a Catholic, is able to approach the subject with the necessary spirit of detachment, and he has written a book which should be a great help to those who wish to see the theory in its correct historical perspective. The book falls into two well-defined parts of roughly equal length. The first is a straight



history of evolutionary thought from the time of Aristotle (to whom the author, perhaps rather questionably, ascribes an evolutionary tendency) up till the rediscovery of Mendel's scientific work in 1900. The figure of Charles Darwin naturally overshadows all others during this period, but adequate attention is given to his predecessors, such as Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, who were familiarizing people with the idea of evolution for more than sixty years before the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859. Darwin's scientific critics are also given a more understanding and perceptive treatment than is usually accorded them. The second part surveys the development of genetical theory during the present century, and its bearing on the process of evolution. The general reader may find parts of this too technical; it is probably intended primarily for students of biology, for whom it will be a useful summary of recent work on the mechanism of inheritance by an author who has no obvious axe to grind.

It should be added that the book does not attempt to give a complete account of the post-Darwinian developments of evolution, since it confines itself largely to the genetical aspects of the problem. There is little information on the part played by evidence from geology, embryology, comparative anatomy and physiology. These would make a fascinating subject for a further historical study which, we may hope, will one day be forthcoming.

JOHN L. RUSSELL

## SHORTER NOTICES

*The Cradle of Switzerland*, by Arnold Lunn (Hollis and Carter, 12s 6d).

WHEN LESLIE STEPHEN entitled his famous book *The Playground of Europe* he did a real if unconscious disservice both to his own countrymen and the Swiss. Generations of English visitors taking him *au pied de la lettre* have assumed that Switzerland consists entirely of peaks to climb and hills to ski down, and that the Swiss themselves were planted in their country by Providence for the express purpose of ministering to itinerant English as hoteliers, ski instructors and guides.

In this guide-book with a difference, Sir Arnold Lunn sets out to substitute another and a truer impression. He confines himself to the five cantons which form the historic core of the Swiss Confederation, and blending history, religion, art, political and economic institutions, literary associations and scenic description with light-handed ease he contrives to present a vivid sketch of the highly individualistic Swiss culture. The English visitor who reads this book of an evening in his hotel will know not only where to go next day and what to see—St.

Nikolaus of Sachseln's country, the lovely unspoilt Maderanerthal where contemporary life enshrines the lost centuries of Europe, the great Baroque Abbey of Einsiedeln—but he will begin to understand the processes that have formed the life he sees in the little towns with their Gothic gables and brilliant window-boxes and on the wide Alps resonant with cow-bells and dotted with log-built chalets. He will come to feel the fascination of this great little country holding him by a far wider and deeper range of interests than those of the sport for which he may first have visited it.

No-one can evoke in words a Swiss scene more vividly and precisely than Sir Arnold. This is a short book but he has managed to work in several excellent descriptive passages. He is, too, adept in the art of apposite quotation, and there are a number of quotations here which drive home his points lightly and firmly. There is, however, one serious omission from the book—a map.

It is to be hoped that Sir Arnold will carry on with a second volume dealing with the Bernese Oberland and the Valais, those regions so specially dear to mountaineers. Even climbers have off-days in the valleys, and how many know the Cathedral of Sion or the churches of the Lötschenthal with their sturdy carvings and brilliantly painted barley-sugar columns, or realize in this age of streamlined civilization the traditional philosophy of life which is still centred in them?

K. C. CHORLEY

*Great Men*, by François Mauriac. Translated by Elsie Pell (Rockliff 15s).

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to know what a great writer thinks of the masters of his craft. The moralist in François Mauriac gives a sharp edge to these collected judgments. He sees in Molière a tragic comedian, and in Flaubert a pilgrim of the Absolute who mistook his destination, the victim of an anti-Christian epoch. He sees through to the equivocation of Rousseau, and has an unexpected charity for Gide. "I remember one evening having heard Gide defend Christ with a strange passion; let us await God's judgment." He has a far-sighted essay on the precocious genius of Rudiguet, and a generous tribute for Mr. Graham Greene. Everything that M. Mauriac writes is worth reading. But the papers which compose this book are very occasional, and they are grossly overpriced at fifteen shillings. This is competent literary journalism, not even thinly disguised, and there is no examination of literary method. The book is not helped by a stiff translation; Miss Pell has no ear whatever for the rhythm or the idiom of English prose. M. Mauriac's temperament is like quicksilver, and in these laboured pages it is made to look curiously congealed.

R. S.

*The Frontiers*, by John Strachey (Gollancz 10s 6d).

ALL OF THIS BOOK IS INTERESTING, though it consists of three loosely connected parts. The first part relates vividly a British airman's flight over France and his descent by parachute when his plane is shot down. Succoured by a French girl, Madeleine, who speaks not only perfect English but R.A.F. dialect, he starts an affair with her and is married by a chance-met priest literally at five minutes' notice. Even granted the chaos of war-time France, we find this hard to believe, especially as James was not a Catholic. The last part of the book reverts to straight narrative relating the final escape of James, Madeleine being left high and dry. But the middle part of the book is equally straight argument between an enigmatic Abbè, a communist Jean, and, for some pages, "Nordenac" who (the author tells us frankly) is Laval. To appreciate the argument, we must realize that the book was written in 1941, when most Frenchmen thought that Hitler was bound to be world-master, and France a province in an at-last United Europe of a mechanized sort. Laval, the perfect cynic, foreseeing this, tries to win the Abbè over to his view that "the Proletariat has no Fatherland." The thesis is stated as well as it could be. The consequences are also put as well as possible in the Abbè's "lecture" (pp. 182-3). We called the Abbè "enigmatic" because he seems to base his rebuttal of Laval on the grounds that you never can be *quite* certain of the consequences of your actions, i.e. of the future. If you were *quite* sure of attaining a *quite* good end, you would be right to use any means to attain it. But you never are. Therefore the Abbè preferred to act "irrationally," according to conscience, and quotes as a parallel an interview he (or rather the author) had in Spain with Portella Valladares, who refused to collaborate with Franco because the Left, which he hated, was after all the Government in possession. The Abbè, therefore, apparently unable to decide who was certain to win, attempted to escape along with James, but was drowned. We can think of no book which displays more vividly the mental and moral disarray into which so much of France fell during and after the occupation—has it even now fully recovered? But the spiritual element existed too, though the author may have been unconscious of it: we do not really believe in his Abbè, even if he reminds us at times of Mgr. Duchesne in his most teasing or ironical moods. Mr. Strachey in his preface proclaims his hatred of all "totalitarian" régimes, perhaps most of all the communist; but it is hard to gather from the book what positive hopes we are to entertain either for England or for France.

*Theodicy*. Essays on the Goodness of God, the Freedom of Man, and the Origin of Evil, by G. W. Leibniz (Routledge and Kegan Paul £2 2s).

LEIBNIZ, as Dr. Farrer says in his admirable introduction, was a real metaphysician, concerned with problems lying at the root of philosophy and natural theology. As Fr. Copleston has pointed out in a recent review, the subject matter of these sciences may be pushed out by the front door, but they have a tendency to return by the back, to the dismay, it seems, of some of our contemporaries. Dr. Farrer's lively essay is well worth reading for its own sake; it includes an analysis of the doctrine of matter and form and its relation to Leibniz's thought. The latter had much in common with scholasticism, and in these anti-intellectual days here is more evidence that we may see within the next few generations a return to speculative methods correctly used and supplemented by the empirical technique, rather than in opposition to it—a false dichotomy if ever there was one. One does not have to be a Leibnizian to feel that Leibniz was on the right track.

*Justice*, by Giorgio Del Vecchio. Edited by A. H. Campbell (Edinburgh University Press 30s).

IN 1922 PROFESSOR DEL VECCHIO, former Rector of Rome University, delivered an address at the beginning of the academic year entitled *La giustizia*. Here it is translated by Lady Guthrie and edited by the Regius Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh, who has included some additional notes. Professor Campbell says in his introduction that Del Vecchio is generally regarded as neo-Kantian in his philosophic affiliations. Reading the text, and noting the large number of references to Christian and Catholic philosophers and theologians and the sympathy with which they are treated, one wonders whether he might not be labelled neo-Thomist—but the label is unimportant. Here is evidence of a return to traditional methods of approach to the philosophy of justice and law; in view of the mess the empirical experiment has made of affairs on our planet this fact can only be regarded as welcome.

The notes and references are full and valuable; any student of law or philosophy writing on this subject will need to be familiar with them. Incidentally, this is probably one of the first books published under the auspices of a Scottish University to refer to encyclicals by Leo XIII, Pius XI and Pius XII; one of the two appendices—that on the *Basis of Penal Justice*—first appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* in 1944. The editor is to be congratulated in making this work available to British philosophers and lawyers.

A. T. MACQUEEN

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